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Little Lives of Great Men

NAPOLEON

THE LITTLE CORSICAN

by

Esse V. Hathaway

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LITTLE LIVES OF GREAT MEN

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AS EMPEROR

From the painting made in 1837, by Paul Hippolyte Delaroche, in the collection of the Countess of Sandwich, showing Napoleon in his study.

Little Lives of Great Men

NAPOLEON

THE LITTLE CORSICAN

By

ESSE V. HATHAWAY

Instructor in English in the Marshalltown (Iowa) High School

WITH
3 FULL-PAGE PORTRAITS,
FROM PAINTINGS; AND 45
TEXT ILLUSTRATIONS BY

LOUIS BRAUNHOLD

Chicago *New York* *London*

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The Rand-McNally Press
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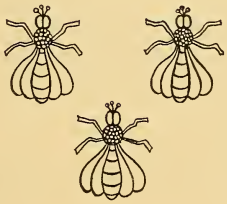
Dedicated

to the memory of
my mother

FRANCES BEACH HATHAWAY



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The Preface

THE necessity for the study of biography is acknowledged by educators. We all have something in common with great men, and the earlier this fact can be brought home to a child, the earlier will his mind be filled with the possibilities which his own life holds. With this sympathy aroused, the history which every great man's life carries with it is changed from pages of dry facts to a story full of reality and living interests.

In writing "Napoleon" for this series, the attempt has been made to bring Napoleon's boyhood life in touch with that of the young people for whose reading it is intended; to make them feel that he liked and disliked many of the same things that they do, and that he was actuated by many of the same boyish resolves that they are.

If this attempt has been successfully carried out, it will follow that Napoleon, in his later life, is not only the maker of kingdoms and the brilliant general of history, but also a man who lived, enjoyed, and suffered as do other men. The wealth of history centered in his life will have con

sequently a warmth of human interest which the ordinary statement of historical facts lacks, but which is necessary to make them stand out definitely in the student's mind.

But the primary object in creating this bond of sympathy with Napoleon is to arouse an enthusiasm for his energy, perseverance, and unconquerable will, without which the genius of the great general would have been useless. These traits have been emphasized partly through intention and partly because the meteoric swiftness of his public life leaves no doubt that these characteristics predominated in him.

The Little Corsican's life story told slowly and in several volumes is full of exciting interest; brought within the bounds of this small book it was necessary to crowd one wonderful achievement close upon another, with a rapidity which may be mistaken for an attempt to dazzle and mislead a child with Napoleon's greatness. But biography, to hold a child's interest, must be short, without discussion of motives or morals. In consequence many good as well as bad traits in Napoleon's life are here left unremarked. His

chief fault—his towering ambition—was displayed in matters which were too intricate for a child's understanding. If the simple telling of this story, fact upon fact, should thrill the small readers with enthusiasm for the great man, and strengthen or arouse in them the desire to use their time and strength with his energy and perseverance, this book will have accomplished what I most desire.

ESSE V. HATHAWAY.

Ottawa, Ohio, September, 1904.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY

From a painting by Jean-Baptiste Greuze, in the collection of M.C. Marquis de las Cases, painted for Madame du Colombier in 1791 by Greuze at Valence, when Napoleon was 22 years of age.

NAPOLEON

THE LITTLE CORSICAN

Chapter I

A Boy's Trials

THE sun was shining brilliantly. The cool sea breeze, sweeping in from the Mediterranean, caught up the fragrance of many flowers and the glad song of birds to bear them through the avenues, shaded with great chestnut trees, to the rugged snow-capped

The house in Ajaccio, Corsica, in which Napoleon was born.

mountains in the distance. It was the fifteenth of August, 1769, a fête day in the village of Ajaccio, and, as the good people worshiped in the dark old cathedral, and the sun stood nearly overhead, a tiny boy awakened to life in a bare, yellowish-gray house which stood opposite a small park in the little Corsican town.

His baby eyes opened upon a time of trouble in his island home. The Corsicans, who had long been noted for their fierce patriotism, were at last crushed by the French. Their beloved island, drenched with the blood of its brave defenders, was about to pass into the hands of the enemy. Within the home of the little stranger all was dark and foreboding. His father, a patriot leader and friend of Paoli, the great Corsican general, was looked upon with suspicion by the French; his mother, who had followed the army wherever it went, sharing all its misfortunes and discomforts, was full of grief and misgivings. The future did not look promising for the little Corsican.

A carelessly dressed, curious looking little figure came walking slowly down the shore from Ajaccio. The head, with its straggling locks, was too large for the small body and spindling legs, and the deep-set eyes looked steadily ahead with a fearless, commanding expression in their gray-blue depths. It was our Corsican baby. Seven years had passed since that summer day when he first blinked his eyes at sunny Ajaccio, and some of the warlike, gloomy period of his country's history must have left its stamp on his character, for he had never been so light-hearted and happy as the other Ajaccio boys and girls.

Two years after his birth he had been taken, with his baby sister Eliza, to the old Cathedral and was there christened Napoleon Bonaparte. All through the years of his babyhood the dark-faced little Napoleon made life miserable for his nurses with his fierce temper and stubborn will. At six he was sent to a dame's school, and there the other children laughed at him because his stockings were always hanging down

over his shoe-tops, and because he spent his playtime with the little girls of the school.

To-day he walked along by the sea, under the dazzling sky, to a little grotto which he had discovered some months before and which his uncle, Joey Fesch, a boy only a few years older than Napoleon, had cleared of rubbish and arranged for his little nephew. With his visits to this cave Napoleon began the practice, which he continued when he grew older, of seeking some place where he could be entirely alone and where none dared intrude. Even now his right to this grotto was respected, and that respect had been made sure by several rousing fights with his brother Joseph, who was older than Napoleon, but always his inferior in will and action.

When the grotto was reached the boy stood in the entrance, looking across the sea, his hands clasped behind him and his eyes wide open, as if seeing the far-away Italian country from which his father's people had come long years before, carry-

ing with them to their new home little else but a great pride in an old and noble name.

There was a story of a great estate to which Napoleon knew they had some right, for his father was always trying to reclaim it, but, beyond furnishing foundations for numerous air castles, the claim never amounted to anything. It must have been some such great daydream that now held the quaint little figure so quiet, while the cool wind sent the saucy little whitecaps dancing over the tops of the waves at his feet, for so gravely dignified and motionless did he stand that he easily might have been taken for a wise old elf who had dropped from his craggy mountain home behind.

All at once there was a great shout, and Eliza and her little playmate, Panoria, rushed from the rocks toward Napoleon. If they had expected to frighten or to startle him they were disappointed, for he turned upon them quietly, though with an angry flash in his eyes. Before he could say anything, however, some one called,

"Eliza!" and their nurse came down the path with a basket of pears in her hand.

"Come, Eliza," she said, "take this fruit home. It is for your uncle, the Canon."

Panoria gave an exclamation of delight, and reached for some of the fruit as the nurse came near, but Eliza grasped her hand and stopped her.

"You must not touch that!" she exclaimed. "It is my uncle's."

"Well, what if it is?" said Panoria. "Your uncle can't eat all that, and he must be a funny man not to let you touch his old fruit. I dare you to take some!"

"No, no, Panoria," broke in the nurse; "she must not touch it. Take it home, Eliza." And the nurse passed on, while the two little girls went, half quarreling, half laughing, down the path toward the town.

Napoleon followed them more slowly, and entered the house just in time to see a flutter of dress skirts through the open window of the dining room, and to hear a smothered, frightened giggle. The basket

of fruit was standing on the sideboard, and as Napoleon ran after the girls he saw it and stopped short. Part of the fruit was gone. The little girls had taken it, just in fun of course, but what would Uncle Lucien say? This uncle was the benefactor of the Bonaparte family, and the children had been taught to look upon him as a great man who was to be treated with the utmost respect. And now, just as luck would have it, while Napoleon stood staring at the fruit, the door opened and Uncle Lucien himself came in. He looked at the boy's confused face and then at the pears.

"Napoleon," he exclaimed sternly, as he placed his hand on the boy's shoulder, "can it be possible that you have taken my fruit?"

"No, uncle," answered Napoleon quickly. "I did not touch it. It was"— he stopped short. If he told, Eliza would be punished. Tell on a girl? No, not he, and he straightened his slender little figure, while his dark face took on that stubborn look which his friends had learned to know and dread.

His uncle saw the child's mouth shut tightly, and knowing that it was useless to try to force him to tell, the good Canon said gently:

"Napoleon, I do not care for your having the fruit, but why did you take it without asking me for it?"

"But I did not take it," the boy answered. "It was gone when I came into the room."

His uncle looked at him in surprise.

"Is it possible, Napoleon, that you would tell me a falsehood? There is no one else here and the fruit must have been taken by you. You know it is not the fruit that I care for, child; it is your deception. Come, confess, and we will drop the matter."

Napoleon's only answer was to shut his lips more closely, as he shook his head and looked fearlessly at the Canon. The latter growing angry at the boy's apparent deceit and stubbornness, decided to tell the story of the stolen pears to Napoleon's father.

Later on, when the family were all gath-

ered for the evening meal, Napoleon was called before his father and questioned again. The boy, angry, and with a big ache in his little heart because they would not believe him, refused to say anything except that he did not take the fruit. Each of his brothers and sisters were then questioned, but all declared they knew nothing about the matter. Napoleon looked hopefully toward Eliza, but the little girl, frightened at all the trouble she had caused by her mischievousness, dropped her eyes and with a flushed face said she knew nothing. Threats and persuasions failing to produce any effect on the boy, he was ordered to stand at the end of the dining room while the family finished their dinner, and, if he had not confessed by that time, he was to be whipped.

After the meal was finished, the Canon and Napoleon's father turned to the boy standing with his hands back of him, and his eyes looking defiance at them. Uncle Lucien tried again to coax the truth from him, for he was fond of the queer little

Napoleon and did not want him to be punished if it could be helped in any way.

At last, however, with patience exhausted, and angry at the boy's stubbornness, Charles Bonaparte whipped his son severely. Napoleon made no cry, but he clinched his little fists and his eyes turned almost black with their sullen look of anger. The Canon sighed as he looked at the defiant face. He knew that it was useless now to expect a different answer, but the boy must be taught a lesson; that stubborn will must learn to obey. And so it was decided that Napoleon should be kept on bread and water and cheese until he confessed.

If Napoleon's mother had been at home she might have found some way out of the difficulty; for the boy had received his unconquerable will from his mother, and she understood him better than any one else. In truth she was the one in the Bonaparte house who, by her unceasing energy and common sense, kept the wheels moving for that rather shiftless family.

She had been only fifteen when Charles Bonaparte married her, a beautiful, tall, commanding Corsican girl, with the musical name of Laetitia Ramolino. Unfortunately for Napoleon she was visiting some relatives at the time of his trouble, and did not return until the third day of his punishment. During those three days Napoleon spent his time wandering over the mountains, trying to trade his bread and cheese for that of the shepherd boys, which he thought better than his.

"Napoleon trying to trade his bread and cheese for that of the shepherd boys."

As soon as Madame Bonaparte returned, she determined to get to the bottom of Napoleon's disgrace. Understanding the proud, fearless nature of the boy, she was absolutely certain that he

had not taken the Canon's fruit, but she was also certain that he knew who had. She called Napoleon to her, but just as she began talking to him, little Panoria came rushing breathlessly into the house.

"Oh, oh, Napoleon! I'm so sorry!" she cried excitedly. "He did not take the pears," turning to Madame Bonaparte; "it was Eliza and I. I dared Eliza to do it, and then I went away and never knew that Napoleon had been whipped, and had nothing to eat. Oh, Eliza, you ought to be ashamed! Uncle Joey just told me and I ran all the way here." And the little girl broke out sobbing, as the children and Madame Bonaparte looked at her in astonishment.

Napoleon accepted his justification as quietly as he had his punishment. In his heart he did not feel that matters were very much better for him. He ought to have been believed in the first place, he told himself proudly in his grotto, and, in the days that followed, he carried himself

very gravely through all the petting and rejoicing of his family over his bravery.

There was much of interest in the little coast town of Ajaccio, for the gulf on which the town was situated formed a safe harbor for many ships, and Napoleon soon forgot his trouble in listening to the wild stories of sea life told him by the sailors. And then, there were the shepherd boys. There had been a rivalry of long standing between them and the boys of Ajaccio. Fights were numerous, and so far the mountain lads had been victorious. Napoleon shared the general feeling, and added to that was a private grudge which had originated in his long walks, when the shepherd boys tormented him, and in his bread and cheese trade when they treated his offered friendship with disdain.

At last Napoleon resolved to pay off all old scores. He organized the town boys into regular companies, drilled them, sent the shepherd lads a challenge, and charged up the hill, armed with stones and sticks. The first attack ended in disaster for the

town boys, who were sent howling down the hillside. But Napoleon rallied his forces and shamed them into another attack. This time the tables were turned and the mountain boys were taught so severe a lesson that ever after they respected the rights of the little Napoleon and his followers.

Chapter II

Lonely Days at School

TIME was moving on rapidly while all these things were happening, and Charles Bonaparte began to think about the education of his two eldest sons, Joseph and Napoleon. Money was very scarce in the Bonaparte family, but there was old and noble blood in their veins, and the children must be sent to a school that was suited to their station in life.

Corsica was now entirely under French control, and Charles Bonaparte resolved to make application for the admittance of Joseph, Napoleon, and Joey Fesch into some of the numerous schools in France, which were supported by the king and where the tuition was free. He finally met with success, probably through the efforts of the family friend, General de Marboeuf, who was governor of Corsica and a man of some influence among the French people.

So it was decided that Napoleon was to be sent to a military school at Brienne, while Joseph and Joey were to be educated for the priesthood.

In 1778 Napoleon's father was chosen to represent the nobility in a meeting which was to be held in Versailles, and that gave him the opportunity of taking the boys to France. They left Corsica December 15, 1778, the three boys, Joey fifteen, Joseph eleven, and Napoleon only nine, starting from home for the first time to go to a land where the habits and language of the people differed very much from those of their little island.

Uncle Lucien had already recognized an unusual ability in Napoleon, a something not to be learned in books, which gave the little Corsican lad a decided power over his playmates and which compelled his older friends to treat him with more respect than a child of his years was wont to receive. When the little party left Ajaccio that day, the Canon, after saying his farewells to the others, turned with a sad half smile to

Napoleon, and, placing his hand on the boy's head, spoke to him seriously about what he expected of him in the future. Afterward, when the boys were well started in their school life, the Canon said to their father, that, although Joseph was the oldest of the family, Napoleon was the real head.

If the boys had any feeling of sorrow at leaving home, it must have been soon swallowed up in interest and curiosity in the new scenes through which they passed. They had run wild over the shore and mountains around Ajaccio all their lives. Now, for nearly three weeks they traveled through a strange country, stopping at cities that overawed them with their great buildings and long streets crowded with people talking an unknown language. It soon became apparent to his father that Napoleon must have some knowledge of French before entering Brienne, and it was decided that he should be left with Joseph for a time at Autun, where there was a preparatory school.

It was New Year's Day, 1779, when they reached the picturesque old town where centuries before the Druids and Romans had established schools. The whole place, with its crooked streets winding down to the river, its dim Cathedral nine hundred years old, its walls, gateways, and ruins, was full of an old-time mystery and grandeur.

The Bishop of Autun was a friend of Charles Bonaparte and he promised to look after the boys; but he probably had forgotten his own school days, and what it meant to be away from home and alone in a strange land, for the boys had a pretty lonely time of it. Everything was especially hard for Napoleon, who was a queer-looking little fellow with his dark Italian face and small figure. He pronounced his name with a very decided Italian accent, and it sounded to the French boys as if he said Na-paille-au-nez, which to them meant *straw in the nose*. That was enough for the schoolboys, and they nick-named the little stranger Straw-nose, a name

which clung to him throughout his three months at Autun, and afterward followed him to Brienne.

His proud, sullen manner brought him no friends and the boys soon discovered that he had a fiery temper which was quickly roused by their taunts concerning his Corsican country and its conquest by the French. He was not slow in expressing his hatred of the conquerors, although surrounded on all sides by them. One day after an unusual outbreak against them, one of the boys said:

"Oh, yes, but they were men enough to whip you Corsicans."

"Yes," replied Napoleon, "because they were ten to one. If they had numbered only four to one they couldn't have done it."

"But you had your great and wonderful Paoli," returned the little Frenchman tauntingly, for the worship which Napoleon felt for the famous Paoli was another source of fun to the boys, who knew they could anger the little patriot in a second

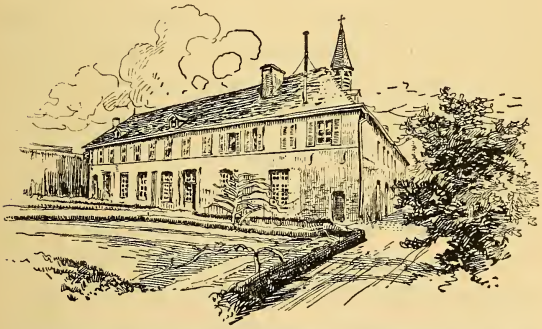
by any disrespectful word concerning the Corsican general, his ideal of a soldier.

"Ah, yes," sighed Napoleon, "I wish I were like him."

Napoleon worked very hard at Autun and at the end of three months he knew the foundations of the French language, could use common phrases and write easy exercises; but the language was hard for him and he spoke it with an Italian accent which clung to him always, and made his French very hard to understand. This was a great drawback to him when he went to Brienne and caused him to take his walks alone more often, and to make his life all the more lonely, especially as his easy-going, happy brother Joseph remained at Autun.

The school at Brienne was made up of a bare, ugly set of buildings standing in the midst of trees and gardens which overlooked a little river, while near by was a century-old château. There were one hundred and fifty boys in the school, sons of noblemen for the greater part, among

whom it was necessary to have money or easy, happy manners to be a favorite. Napoleon had no money, and his manner was rude for feeling his poverty most keenly, he met all advances from the boys, both good-natured and ill-natured, with proud silence or a flash of anger. Here, as at Autun, they taunted him with the fall



The military school at Brienne where the young Corsican learned the art of war.

of his country, and the little Frenchmen thought it a great joke when the little Corsican announced proudly, "I hope one day to give Corsica her liberty."

Nor was Napoleon's trouble with his

schoolmates only. The school was in charge of monks who were ignorant, and who, seeing that the little stranger was without friends, allowed him to be mistreated, while some of them, angered by his proud bravery, took a great dislike to him.

One day, not long after entering the school, he had been teased until he could endure it no longer, and, turning to escape from his tormentors, he ran into a room where there was a picture of Choiseul, a Frenchman who had planned the capture of Corsica. The sight was too much for the lonely and homesick boy, and, stopping before it with hot, angry face, he clinched his little fist, and bitterly denounced the man and the country that had taken away Corsican freedom. One of the instructors entering the room, overheard him and had him punished severely for the outbreak. This but increased his troubles. There were many fights when every hand was against the little Napoleon, and no one dreamed that back of the proud bearing

there was a small, sensitive heart longing for the sight of a home face, or for a friend who would understand and not laugh at him.

The one thing which relieved the loneliness of his first months at Brienne was a garden which was given Napoleon shortly after entering the school. Each boy was assigned a plot of ground, all for his own, to use as he saw fit. As the boys who owned the plots next to that given to Napoleon neglected and rarely visited them, Napoleon took possession of them also. He cleared them of weeds, swept his walks, built a little summer house, and before long had the most attractive garden in the school.

As soon as the boys to whom the annexed plots belonged saw that their gardens were so desirable, they immediately rushed upon Napoleon to take them from him. The little Corsican, bitter and savage from being misunderstood, was not in a humor to stand any foolishness. Armed with stones, he flew at the intruders in such a

fierce manner that they were glad enough to withdraw and leave the boy and his garden alone. Here Napoleon spent the happiest hours of his first years at Brienne, alone with his books or dreaming of far-away sunny Ajaccio.

It was not long before he showed an unusual brilliancy in mathematics, and held the first place in his class. He was also very fond of history, particularly the stories of ancient countries and peoples. The struggles of the Greeks and Romans were to him as the struggle of his own little country, and he followed their wars for freedom with breathless interest. He never cared for languages, and was especially poor in Latin. This weakness, together with his miserable writing, caused him much trouble with the monks. A characteristic of his mind was the quickness with which he grasped a new lesson or subject. One of his instructors once said of him:

"When I gave him a lesson he fixed his eyes upon me with parted lips; but if I

repeated anything I had said, his interest was gone, as he plainly showed by his manner. When reproved for this, he would answer coldly, I might almost say imperiously, 'I know it already, sir.'"

But, with all this, Napoleon was nothing but a boy, and a very active, human little fellow at that. His pride would not allow him to play with the boys who made fun of him; he treated all their games with indifference, and as the time passed he grew more lonely and bitter. At last one warm day, as he lay stretched out on a bench in his garden, he resolved to run away. But where could he go? He had no money or friends; he was small for his age, and spoke French so poorly that he would have hard work making his way. Still it is probable that all this would not have kept him from making the attempt had he not thought of his home, of the poverty there, of the struggle his father had had to place him in this school, and, last of all, of his Uncle Lucien's confidence in him. The longer he thought, however, the more discon-

tented and homesick he grew, until finally, rolling over, he reached for his volume of Plutarch, and using it for a desk, wrote the following letter:

"My Father: If you or my protectors cannot give me the means of sustaining myself more honorably in the house where I am, please summon me home, and as soon as possible. I am tired of poverty and of the sneers of the insolent scholars, who are superior to me only in their fortune; for there is not one among them who feels one hundredth part of the noble sentiments by which I am animated. Must your son, sir, continually be the butt of these boobies, who, vain of the luxuries which they enjoy, insult me with their laughter at the privations I am forced to endure? No, father, take me home from Brienne, and make me, if you will, a mechanic. From these words you may judge of my despair. This letter, sir, please believe me, is not dictated by a vain desire to enjoy expensive amusements. I have no such wish. I feel simply that it is necessary to show my companions that

I can procure them as well as they if I wish to do so.

"Your respectful and affectionate son,

"BONAPARTE."

The poverty in the Bonaparte family had not lessened, however, since Napoleon left, and the other children were growing rapidly. The father was busy planning for their education and trying to meet the pressing needs of everyday life, so that he could not have granted Napoleon's request, even if he had wished to do so, which he probably did not.

It may have been because his letter was not answered as he wished, or, perhaps, because the long, lonely days were growing unbearable, that Napoleon became more irritable, and his troubles became more serious. One day, as he was planning a battle with pebbles on his garden walk, a schoolmate climbed up to peer at him over the hedge. The slender little student with the big head, deeply engrossed in work, did not see anything but rows of stone phalanxes until the intruder gave a taunting

laugh. Quick as a flash Napoleon grabbed a stone and threw it with all his force at the boy. It struck him fairly between the eyes, and he fell back howling from his perch. Napoleon was arrested for this and locked up in the school prison, where he was kept for several days.

It can be imagined what a storm of wrath was aroused in the heart of the proud little Corsican by this disgrace.

Chapter III

The Little Corsican Finds Friends

IT was during this imprisonment that Napoleon made one of his few school friends. An English boy named Lawley was placed as guard over the prisoner, and feeling a secret sympathy for the fierce little foreigner, talked to him and offered him some advice. Perhaps it was because he was not one of the hated French boys, that Napoleon trusted him and the two became good friends. At any rate, Napoleon had sufficient confidence in Lawley to trust him with a letter he had written to the British ambassador, asking for permission to join the English navy. Nothing came of the letter, but Lawley's respect for the small Corsican's plans, and the kindness and sympathy he showed the lonely lad, caused Napoleon to bind himself closely and loyally to his British friend.

Napoleon always remembered a kind-

ness and repaid it tenfold, as was shown soon after when the new friend was the cause of another trouble which followed closely on the heels of the first. Lawley was doing sentinel duty in the garden one day while Napoleon was stretched out on the grass near him reading and studying. The English boy watched him until, growing tired of his duty and of the other's silence, he called:

"I don't see how you can bear to grind away at those old problems. I can't make anything out of them; they're dreadfully stupid, I think."

"They are not so bad, if you just get started right," answered Napoleon, as he turned to his friend with one of his rare smiles, which lighted up the dark face wonderfully and softened the gray eyes, giving the boy that irresistible attractiveness for which he was noted in after life. "I'll show you about the ones for to-morrow, if you want me to."

The offer was quickly accepted and the boys became so interested that the senti-

nel post was forgotten until an instructor came around to relieve Lawley. He came up so quietly that the boys did not see him until he was almost upon them; but, before he could see what they were doing, Napoleon had time to throw the problems to one side and open his copy-book.

"What are you doing away from your post, Lawley?" asked the teacher sternly.

Before the English boy could answer, Napoleon spoke quickly:

"It was all my fault, sir; I called him to show him my possessions."

"Your possessions!" said the teacher in a sarcastic voice, at the same time taking Napoleon's copy-book away from him and glancing down the list of estates, the names of which the little Corsican had written, and which made up either the real or imaginary wealth of the Bonaparte family By a strange chance, so at least the story is told, the last name on the list was "St. Helena, a small island in the Atlantic," written in a cramped, boyish scrawl.

The book was badly blotted and

scratched, and the teacher, angered at the sight of the careless writing as much as at Napoleon's confessed fault, hurried the unfortunate boy off to prison again. Lawley, amazed at the quickness with which his little friend had come to his rescue, hardly grasped what was being done until Napoleon was locked up. Schoolboys are not all as brave as they might be under such circumstances, and Lawley did not come to the rescue of Napoleon as he should have done; but he did tell his schoolmates how loyally the Corsican boy had stood by him, so that when the little prisoner was released he found a hearty welcome awaiting him.

That was the beginning of happier days for Napoleon, for boys are the same the world over in their admiration of a brave, unselfish act, and these little French lads now gave their friendship and protection willingly and enthusiastically to the queer little foreigner who had stood by his friend so loyally. Shortly after this Napoleon won a prize in mathematics, and his

pride being somewhat satisfied by this honor, he was more ready to receive the boys' advances than he had been before.

Fortunately for his popularity, winter soon came on and it was too cold for him to seclude himself in his garden. Then came a great snowstorm, and the boys were forced to walk the halls for exercise, fuming and fussing on account of their confinement. Napoleon, as restless as his companions, was standing at the window gazing moodily out at the gardens in their smooth white mantle and at the tall trees standing straight and black in the midst of great drifts. As he looked the heavy clouds began to break, and lifting his head he turned quickly to a group of boys, exclaiming:

"Boys, stop your growling and let's go outdoors. We'll make a fort of the snow, and then we'll divide and have a battle."

Catching his enthusiasm, the boys were soon tumbling after him through the great drifts, as he called out his commands and explained the plans for that famous snow-

ball fight of the winter of 1783. For ten days the campus of the old school was the scene of the merriest, wildest fun in all its history. Napoleon was always at his very best as a leader, and the care with which he planned his forts and outlined his battles was the wonder and admiration of all.

All the famous battles of ancient history were fought over. Greeks and Persians were drawn up in battle array one day, only to be replaced by Romans and the savage Gauls on the next. Part of the time the little Corsican was the commander of both sides, dashing

"The little Corsican dashing from one front to the other."

from one front to the other with his deep-set eyes glancing along every line, his straggling locks flying back in the winter wind, and his clear voice shouting the commands in queer Italian French.

The fight lasted ten days before the snow began to melt, and then in spite of Napoleon's commands, the boys packed their balls with gravel. Realizing the danger in this, Napoleon tried his best to prevent it, but Bouquet, the boy whom he had hit with a stone, disregarded his commands, and Napoleon arrived one day in the field just in time to see him pack a ball hard with pebbles and make ready to throw it.

"Bouquet," Napoleon called angrily, his eyes flashing, "drop that ball and go to the rear."

"And who are you, but a little Corsican beggar? I'll throw the ball if I want to," and quick as a flash it flew from his hands into the lines of the enemy.

"Coward!" shouted Napoleon, trembling with rage; "don't you know the first rule of a soldier? Lawley, take him to the rear!"

And Bouquet was seized and dragged back swearing vengeance on the little Corsican, who, after seeing that his command had been obeyed, had turned indifferently to go on with his orders.

Bouquet did not forget the disgrace, however, nor the laughter of the boys who had seen him carried so disgracefully to the rear. Shortly afterward he met Napoleon and began taunting him with his poverty and his ancestry. Napoleon kept his temper fairly well until Bouquet said:

"Your father is nothing but a beggar in livery, a miserable servant."

Almost before the last word had left his mouth, Napoleon made a leap at the coward, but his friends caught him and held him back, telling him that he would only get into trouble and be imprisoned again. They finally persuaded the boys to go to their rooms, but Napoleon could not rest until he had done something to avenge his father's honor. Bourrienne, one of his closest friends, followed him to his room, to find the big head bent over a

desk and the little thin hand cramped over a pen that was writing a challenge.

Corsican gentlemen always avenged their wrongs in a duel, and Napoleon thought that there was no other way to prove to Bouquet that the Bonapartes were an old and noble family. He was glad the boys had kept him from soiling his hands in a fight with the coward; now he would show him how a Corsican gentleman met an enemy. There was to be no foolishness about it just because he was only fourteen years old. An insult was an insult, and the duel should be just as real, a fight to the death — and the small body stood erect and commanding, as Napoleon handed the note to Bourrienne to carry to Bouquet.

Of course Bouquet was a miserable little coward, or he never would have tried to bully a boy smaller than himself, and as soon as he received the challenge he sneaked off with it to one of the monks, crying that Napoleon was going to kill him. Napoleon's swift savageness in resenting an injury was well known, and as

this instructor did not like the little Corsican anyway, he did not stop to consider that in nearly every case the lonely little stranger had been tormented beyond endurance.

Angry at him for the continual disturbance his presence had kept up, and without inquiring into the other side of the quarrel, the instructor ordered Napoleon locked up for the day. In the evening he was released, but was told that his punishment was to be completed by kneeling, dressed in the penitential robe, at the dining room door all through the dinner hour, and after that he must apologize to Bouquet before the other boys.

The utter misery and hot wrath this command caused the proud boy can hardly be grasped. He was sent to his room to array himself in the despised gown, but instead of doing so he threw himself on the bed, sobbing and tossing in his helplessness. He would not put on the robe; they could kill him first, he thought fiercely, and then he sobbed all the louder.

What would have happened if the punishment had been carried out it is hard to say, but one of the monks, higher in authority and with a kinder heart than the one who had ordered the punishment, passed by Napoleon's door, and hearing his loud sobs turned and entered the room. Napoleon's despair was so great that he was glad to pour out the story of his wrongs, and the good father, seeing how the strange boy had been misunderstood, and how great an insult Bouquet had really offered the little Corsican, who was so fiercely proud of his noble blood, not only released him from further punishment, but reproved the monk who had ordered it.

Just a short time after this Napoleon was overjoyed by an unexpected visit from General Marboeuf, and being thrown from his usual reserve by the surprise, he told his old friend of his unhappiness, only concealing the taunts about his poverty. The general shrewdly guessed, however, that the lack of money was the cause of much of Napoleon's trouble, and before he left

saw that the boy had a small allowance. He also introduced Napoleon to the Lady of Brienne, who lived in the old château. She was a noble woman and one of much influence in the country around Brienne. She took a great fancy to the little Corsican and was very kind to him during the remainder of his life at Brienne, keeping him with her during the vacations, and by her protection saving him from many a punishment.

The brightness which had begun for Napoleon with the change in the boys' feelings toward him, was now increased by his friendship with the Lady of Brienne, and by his pocket money, until he really felt that he could hold his own with the other boys. He lost some of his sensitive shyness, and, as he talked more, his teachers understood him better, and he developed rapidly.

When his own cares became lighter, he began to think more of the poverty in his home, and as he was always older than his years, he was able to grasp that trouble

much better than most boys. At this time Joseph was discontented in his school and wanted to leave it for a military school. Napoleon's clear head and shrewdness are shown in a letter which he wrote to his brother, telling him that if he would remain where he was his future life as a priest would bring him ease and a good standing in the world.

Chapter IV

At the Military School in Paris

BUT Napoleon soon had new plans of his own to think of. The year 1783, which had already proved an eventful one for him, was to be more so, for it brought with it Chevalier de Revalin, an inspector of the military schools of France, who came to Brienne to visit the school. He took a great liking to Napoleon and seemed to be the first to really grasp the greatness of the boy's mind. To the surprise of all, he selected the Corsican boy to go the following year to the military school at Paris. This was a great honor, for only three boys, and those three the brightest, were selected each year from Brienne for the higher school at Paris. The monks remonstrated with the Chevalier, but he answered:

"I know what I am about; and if I am transgressing the rules, it is not on account

of family influence. I know nothing of the friends of this youth. I am actuated only by my opinion of his merit. I perceive in him a spark of genius, which cannot be too early fostered."

Napoleon left Brienne for the military school at Paris the next year, 1784. He had spent five years at Brienne, and, in spite of the loneliness he had suffered there, he always referred to those years as among the happiest of his life. Probably he chose to forget the dark days and remember only the sunnier ones. At any rate the friends he made there had good reason to be thankful that they had befriended the little Corsican, for he never forgot them, and when his days of prosperity and fame came he favored them whenever opportunity offered.

All were remembered, from the great lady who gave him his wreath for winning the prize in mathematics, to the old porter who had growled at him for tramping with the boys through the snowy fields and then back over his clean halls. Even Bouquet,

his enemy, was treated with kindness because of the old associations. At one time when, following his early tendency, this school boy foe had fallen into disgrace in the army, and by some chance escaped punishment, Napoleon said:

"I am glad. I should have disliked to punish Bouquet. You know he was one of the boys at Brienne. I remember once when he interfered with one of my pebble battles that I threw a general at him."

Napoleon was fifteen years old when he went to Paris. So far his life had been spent in the secluded little island town of Ajaccio, and under the strict discipline of the military life at Brienne. The contrast between that life and the one in the gay city of Paris was startling. Bourrienne went with his friend part of the way, and an old Corsican friend met the stranger just as he left the coach at Paris. This friend, in telling of the meeting, laughed and said:

He had the appearance of a fresh importation. I met him in the Palais

Royal, where he was gaping and staring at everything he saw. He would have been an excellent subject for sharpers, if, indeed, he had had anything worth taking."

The life in the new school was much freer than it had been at Brienne. Everything was so gay and bright, and the boys so full of life, that, for a short time, Napoleon lost his quiet ways and plunged into all the gaiety with great enjoyment; but he soon found that money was as necessary here as in the old school. One of the rules which he had already made for himself was to keep out of debt, and now, if he did as the others, he must break that rule. His friends, with true schoolboy generosity, would gladly have shared their pleasures with him, but Napoleon's pride would never have consented to that, even if he had considered it honorable to contract debts which he had no prospect of paying. Cut off from the gay life around him, he returned to his old lonely habits, and became the same reserved, sullen boy he had been in the dark days at Brienne.

Even now Napoleon had very clear ideas as to what training a soldier should have, and the looseness of discipline and extravagant habits of the new school filled him with contempt. Standing outside of it all, he saw that the military training was the last thing thought of. He determined to change the order if possible. There was but one way to do so, and that was to apply directly to some one in authority.

At last he wrote a letter to the Minister of War, describing the faults of the school, and offering his ideas of reform. Luckily for the boy, he sent his letter to an old instructor at Brienne for inspection, and that friend saw that it did not reach its destination. It is still in existence, however, a curious, bitter letter for a boy of fifteen, but containing many of the principles which he afterward enforced in his own grand army of France.

But, with all his discontent and brooding over privations, there were many bright days at Paris, for Eliza was in school at St. Cyr, and the Permons, old friends of the

Bonapartes, were very kind to the brother and sister. It was very fortunate for the strange boy that these good friends were with him, for the first great grief of his life came to him in February, 1785, when Charles Bonaparte, the way-worn, disheartened father, died, leaving his family in debt and almost penniless. Napoleon, overwhelmed with grief, wrote to his Uncle Lucien:

"We have lost a father and God alone knows what a father, and what were his attachment and devotion to us. Alas! everything taught us to look to him as the support of our youth. But the will of God is unalterable; He alone can comfort us."

Homesick and broken-hearted with his sorrow, Napoleon was also greatly worried by the actual want in his home. Lucien, now nearly eleven, was at Brienne, and added to the general anxiety by objecting to his life at this school, and by turning his attention to literature. The four children at home—Louis, nine; Pauline, seven; Caroline, five; and Jerome, three—all had to

be clothed, fed, and educated. Joseph, discontented, as always, with his studies, went home to help support the family, but, unfortunate and easy-going, he only increased the burden.

It was now that the remarkable strength of character of Madame Bonaparte showed itself. Putting aside her grief she went to work, and with tireless energy and careful management reduced expenses and provided for her household. Napoleon, quiet and thoughtful, thoroughly appreciated his mother's efforts, as is shown by the following letter which he wrote shortly after his father's death:

> "My Dear Mother: Now that time has begun to soften the first transports of my sorrow, I hasten to express to you the gratitude I feel for all the kindness you have always displayed toward us. Console yourself, dear mother; circumstances require that you should. We will redouble our care and our gratitude, happy, if by our obedience we can make up to you in the smallest degree for the in-

estimable loss of a cherished husband. I finish, dear mother, my grief compels it, by praying you to calm yourself. My health is perfect, and my daily prayer is that Heaven may grant you the same.

"Your humble and affectionate son,
"NAPOLEON."

During the lonely months that followed the death of his father, Napoleon, in his grief and poverty, drew more and more within himself. One friend, however, Alexander des Mazes, would not allow the cold, proud manner of the Corsican boy to overcome his sympathy, and the two boys came very near to each other through the spring and summer. In the following autumn, 1785, they took the examination which entitled them to promotion. Napoleon was assigned to the artillery and received his appointment as second lieutenant in September.

Chapter V

The Boy Lieutenant

THE military education of the two boys was now finished, and, at their request, they were given a command in the same town. Napoleon had no money for traveling expenses, and Des Mazes had barely enough to take them as far as Lyons, where they arrived one morning without a cent in their pockets. Luckily, an old friend of the Bonaparte family lived there, and he gave the boys sufficient money to finish their journey. But Lyons was a new city to the boys, and they found so much of interest that they spent the rest of the day and the greater part of their money having a good time; consequently their pockets were empty again

Napoleon at the age of 16. This, the first portrait of the little Corsican, is from a sketch made by a comrade at Brienne, and now in the Louvre. Under the portrait appears "Mio caro amico Buonaparte. Pontormini del Tournone, 1785."

before they reached their post. This time there was no friend to refill them, so they had to travel the last day on foot, arriving in camp footsore and dirty.

Discipline amounted to next to nothing in French military affairs at this period, and the soldiers led a wild, free life. Napoleon had learned at Paris that he had the power to please if he saw fit to do so, and for a time he chose to lay aside his reserved manner and take part in the gay camp life. The slender, dark, sixteen-year-old lieutenant, with his rare attractive smile, became a favorite. His friends learned that he could talk well, even brilliantly, when interested, and that, although his clothes were shabby and his great boots sizes too large for him, he was never without a quiet dignity and charm that commanded their respect.

But the expense of such a life was great and Napoleon's salary was very small; so small, in fact, that after his living expenses were met he had less than seven dollars a month for clothes and pocket money. It

was the same thing he had faced at Paris. He soon realized that he could not continue his gay life and keep out of debt. There was but one thing left for him to do if he would retain his self-respect. His young friends must be given up.

All through the days that followed, the proud, ambitious boy kept his back turned on the pleasures of those around him. He spent his leisure hours poring over histories and geographies, thereby gaining that vast knowledge of the resources and wealth of countries which, in after years, people were apt to look upon with awe, and to declare was the result of genius. It was, however, the result of downright hard work, energy, self-sacrifice, and a strong will with an unyielding determination

"Napoleon spent his hours poring over histories and geographies."

to trample under foot surrounding difficulties and to rise to the best within him.

Nothing happened to break the monotony of garrison life until a little rebellion known as the Two Cent Revolt broke out in Lyons, and Napoleon's company was ordered there. The trouble was all over when they arrived, but Napoleon staid in the city for a time, not rejoining his regiment until the middle of October, when his command was stationed in Flanders. Here Napoleon's troubles reached a climax. Joseph was without a position; Uncle Lucien was ill; General Marboeuf, the friend of the family, was dead; and Madame Bonaparte, who received a yearly allowance for planting mulberry trees, had failed to receive her annual payment.

A letter filled with these difficulties came to Napoleon and put an end to all his studies. Anxious to get home, to see for himself the state of affairs there, he asked for a leave of absence. It was refused him. Brooding over his troubles he at last worried himself into a malarial fever, and

sick, weak, and lonely he lost courage and even hinted at suicide. Fortunately for his health and peace of mind, leave was finally granted him, and he started for home the first of February, 1787.

It was the first time the Corsican boy had seen his home since he left it eight years before, and he found affairs in about as bad a state as they could be. With the energy which even now marked him when difficulties were highest, he attempted to straighten the tangle of home troubles. The next year and a half were spent for the greater part at home, looking after the business interests of the family, and trying to arrange for the education of Louis and Lucien. A short time before he had begun a history of Corsica, which he now took up again with other writings, but disappointed in getting them published he grew discouraged and more gloomy than ever.

Napoleon returned to his regiment in 1788, and there began again to study, write, and work, making long extracts

from the books he read, and keeping a journal which is full of curious thoughts on society, love, and nature. It was from here that he wrote his mother:

"I have no other resource but work. I dress but once in eight days. I sleep but little since my illness. I retire at ten and rise at four in the morning. I take but one meal a day, at three; that is good for my health."

But there was a limit to the brave young soldier's endurance. In spite of his efforts to relieve the need at home, letters full of anxiety came from his mother, and, weakened by hard study and lack of food, Napoleon was again taken ill. The burden which he had taken up soon after his other illness had proved too heavy for even his wiry body, and for a long time his life hung in the balance. As soon as he was able to travel he was granted another leave of absence, and again returned to Corsica.

A few months after the young officer's return, the whole island was gladdened and sent into a state of the wildest rejoicing

over the return of their hero, Paoli, who had been in exile for years. Napoleon, who had always adored the old general, was chosen to give the address of welcome, and Paoli took a great liking to the enthusiastic young officer. Soon after Paoli's return, an enemy published a malicious attack on his character. Napoleon loyally came to the defense of his old friend, in a letter which was greatly admired for its patriotic expression and clever, concise reasoning. In the same year, 1791, a prize was offered by the Academy of Lyons for the best composition written by a young man. Napoleon entered the contest, but his paper was so miserably done, so full of faults in every way, that it was given no attention whatever.

In February, 1791, Napoleon again left home to join his regiment at Valence. The poverty at home was just as great as ever, and Napoleon resolved to take Louis with him, hoping that some opportunity would present itself for placing the boy in school. The two lived in a bare room,

furnished with a couch and two chairs. Louis studied under his brother's direction, preparing himself for the army. Napoleon, bravely and without a complaint, stretched out his sixty cents a day to pay for their board, room rent, and clothing. Often their only meal was dry bread, and the only luxury the older brother allowed himself was, now and then, to buy some long desired book. After Louis had gone to sleep on the little pallet drawn up near the couch, Napoleon would sit for hours, studying and writing and planning how to make his slender salary cover the wants of Louis and himself, while all the time thinking of some way to help at home.

A French drummer boy.

There was not much change in the looks of the young man of twenty, as he bent over his books in the dimly lighted room, and the little dark Corsican at Brienne. His head was more shapely, but yet too large for his small, deep-

chested body, and his lank hair fell in flat locks on either side of a sallow face, lighted up by the same piercing gray-blue eyes that had so often flashed contempt and scorn at his tormentors in the old school days. He carried himself with a proud reserve, but the charm which he had learned was his in the days at Paris had increased, and it was no trouble for him to win friends now if he cared to do so. He was fond of studying people, and in his long visits at Ajaccio he had spent weeks in the country among the Corsican peasants, making himself one of them, and putting himself in touch with their thoughts and feelings.

All of this had taught him how to reach people, and was the foundation of the great power he afterward had over his soldiers and the common people of France. His other characteristics were unchanged. His ungovernable will, his unceasing energy and perseverance, and his daring to do what he would in the face of all opposition, had grown steadily stronger and greater as he grew older.

The first time his remarkable will and fearless daring were brought forcibly to light was about two years after the life at Valence, when Napoleon was on one of his furloughs in Corsica. It came time to elect a new commander of the National Guards of Ajaccio, and Napoleon decided that he wanted the position. In spite of the fact that the same place was sought for by Marius Peraldi and Pozzo di Borgo, rich and influential men who had all the leading citizens of Corsica on their side.

Napoleon determined to have the position. He immediately went to work with an activity and enthusiasm that swept all obstacles before him. He smiled, threatened, promised, made his friends work for him and with him, until his party nearly equaled that of the other side, and the town was divided into bands, each firmly determined to win. And then they waited anxiously for the coming of the commissioners, for whichever side was favored by these officers would be sure to win the coveted reward.

At last the commissioners came, and Marati, the most important of them all, went directly to the home of Marius Peraldi, Napoleon's most dreaded opponent. This announced to every one that the great man was in favor of Peraldi, whose party went wild with joy. Napoleon for a few hours lost heart, and became moody and irresolute, then, recovering his unbounded faith in himself, he began to work. For a whole day he tried to inspire his friends—they were paralyzed. Seeing that nothing could be expected from them he resolved to act for himself. That evening as Peraldi's family and Marati were at dinner they were startled by a loud knocking, and before they realized what had happened, a band of masked men burst into the room, seized Marati and carried him off to the home of Napoleon. The young Corsican greeted the astonished, indignant officer with a quiet smile, saying:

'I wished you to be free, perfectly free; you were not so at Peraldi's house."

The next day Napoleon was elected.

The people of Ajaccio, startled by the bold fearlessness of the act, made no objection, until, at the meeting of the next court, Pozzo di Borgo entered a complaint. It is said that as soon as the enthusiastic followers of Napoleon heard of this, they seized di Borgo, threw him to the ground, and were about to trample him to death in their excitement, when Napoleon appeared upon the scene and rescued his enemy.

Napoleon's newly acquired power, instead of satisfying his ambition aroused him more fully to an understanding of what he might accomplish in Corsica if he was shrewd enough in his planning. His confidence in his position, as the son of one of the most highly respected families in Ajaccio, led him, perhaps, beyond the bounds of his usual shrewdness.

About this time trouble broke out between the Roman Catholics and their political opponents in the Corsican town. Napoleon was very active in the numerous broils that followed and was accused of being the cause of many of them. These

outbreaks were especially unfortunate at this time, for Paoli, the beloved Corsican patriot, was trying to establish a constitutional government on the island, and peace was absolutely necessary for success.

The boy Napoleon. From a marble bust by the famous Corsican sculptor Ceracchi, now in the museum at Ajaccio, Corsica. This was made during the Italian campaign.

So long as Napoleon remained in Ajaccio peace seemed impossible. Paoli and other authorities were not long in giving voice to their displeasure. Napoleon was made to feel that he must abide by their wishes or leave the island. His restless, active nature chafed under the restraint. To remain in Corsica without attempting to push himself to power was impossible. Outside of Corsica his natural inclination was toward France, partly because of his boyhood associations with that country, and partly because of the condition of affairs in the French country at this time.

At last his decision was made: he would leave Corsica and go to France—to Paris.

The very name of Paris was enough at this time to stir the blood of such a young patriot of freedom as our Corsican. The country whose government he had so despised in the days at Brienne was now the center of a fierce struggle for liberty and equality. For years France had been ruled by kings whose power was absolute. So long as the king was a man of great strength and wisdom the French government grew in power; but with the coming of the weak, frivolous Louis XV., a man who shirked his duties while claiming all kingly rights, the work of governing fell into the hands of greedy courtiers. These men cared for nothing but the bettering of their own fortunes.

Before the French king had assumed absolute control of his people, the nobility and clergy had rendered certain services of government; for this work they were relieved from taxation. Although the duties they had performed were now per-

formed by the king, these two classes were still favored with freedom from taxation. About half of the land of France was owned by the nobility and the clergy. The taxes needed for the support of the government had to come from the other half, which was occupied by the lower and poorer classes of people.

This order of affairs had brought much misery to the peasants of France, even when the king had been a man of superior strength and justice. But with the reign of Louis XV. their condition became most pitiable. To support the extravagant court and supply the demands of the courtiers who were doing the king's work, the taxes were increased until the poor people had not enough left from their toil to keep them from hunger.

Matters were in this state when Louis XVI. came to the throne. He was a young, inexperienced king who lacked energy but who desired to help his people. Numerous attempts were made to straighten out the tangle, but each of them failed after a

time. The oppressed class began to see that help was not to come from the king, and that if they were to be freed from their heavy burden they must free themselves.

Fortunately for them, greater and wiser men had long been questioning why such things should be. Why should one class of human beings starve and work, with no reward, to support another class to whom they owed nothing? These men had put their thoughts into words, and the country was flooded with pamphlets and books in which freedom for all men was the chief theme. The thoughts of these great men had been working throughout France and Europe for years, until their influence was felt by all classes.

In the meantime the middle class of France had gradually grown stronger, both in intellect and in wealth, because the laziness and dissipation of the upper class created a demand for their work. All of these things—the belief in freedom for all men, the increasing strength of the substantial middle class, the weakness and

greed of the governing power, and the oppression of the lower classes—created a mighty discontent in France, and this discontent grew until the whole land was in a turmoil, and the great French Revolution broke out in 1789.

It was into this struggle that Napoleon decided to throw himself. His resolve to join the French was approved by his family. The Corsicans, life-long enemies of the French, could not understand this sudden change in a family which had always been noted for its loyalty to Corsica. Full of resentment they drove the Bonapartes from the island, burning their home and leaving them penniless and dependent on what fortune would bring them in France.

But Napoleon had spent only five months with his regiment in the last two and a half years, and, although he had done no more than was common in those days in the French army, his leaves were not always granted him; he extended them to suit his pleasure. The result was that when he returned to Paris in the spring of

1792 he found he had lost his place in the French army. This was partly on account of his numerous absences and partly on

From a lithograph by Charlet

Napoleon at the Tuileries, August 10, 1792, watching the mob during the Reign of Terror, assembled to massacre the Swiss Guards.

account of the way he had borne himself toward the French while in Corsica. He

at once made application to regain his place, but it was not until the following August that he was reinstated in the army.

In the meantime, almost penniless, he wandered about the streets of Paris, even pawning his watch to get money to live. Bourrienne, his old schoolmate and friend at Brienne, found him, and the two schemed and planned in different ways to better their fortunes.

While they worked and waited, Paris was being drenched with blood. Napoleon saw the savage mobs sweep through the city, leaving terror, desolation, and death in their wake. He saw the king forced from the throne, the nobles driven from the city; murder, robbery, and treachery were on all sides. He began to understand that while his ideas of liberty and equality might be right, in the hands of the ignorant, impulsive classes, they were nothing but watchwords for destruction.

He saw that the Revolution needed some one to guide it — that France needed a head.

Chapter VI

The Young General

IT was December, 1797. All Paris was in holiday attire, gay with bright colors, and a shouting, excited crowd was pushing its way toward the great palace. In the court of this magnificent building was a large amphitheater which had been erected for this day's jubilee. Opposite the main entrance stood the altar of France surrounded by statues of Liberty, Equality, and Peace. The great hall was filled with brilliantly dressed officials and beautiful women, eager, expectant, curious. Suddenly a loud cheer was started, and the building rang with the shout as a group of high officials entered. Every head was bared in an instant.

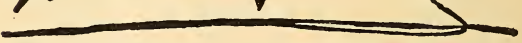
"Which one is he?" asked one of the crowd eagerly.

"The young man with the sallow face and large head. Don't you see him?"

answered a neighbor, pulling the other to the front, where he could see the speaker.

"That little man the conqueror of Italy!" exclaimed some one in a disappointed voice. And then all were silent, for Talleyrand, a famous minister of France, had begun to talk. The people listened to him, discontentedly, anxiously waiting to hear the hero of the day. At last the tiresome speech was ended, and a wild cheer went up as a small, deep-chested young man of about twenty-eight took the speaker's place. He stood quietly while the crowd shouted, his piercing eyes sweeping the vast crowd. It was our little Corsican.

Soon after he and his family had been driven penniless from Corsica an insurrection arose in Marseilles where the Bona-



At the siege of Toulon, 1792, "Buonaparte."

partes had taken refuge. Napoleon wrote a paper on the affair in which he expressed

the whole trouble so clearly and justly that the authorities ordered copies of the pamphlet to be scattered throughout the country. This pamphlet first brought the young foreigner into notice and he was promised favor as soon as the opportunity should come. That time soon came.

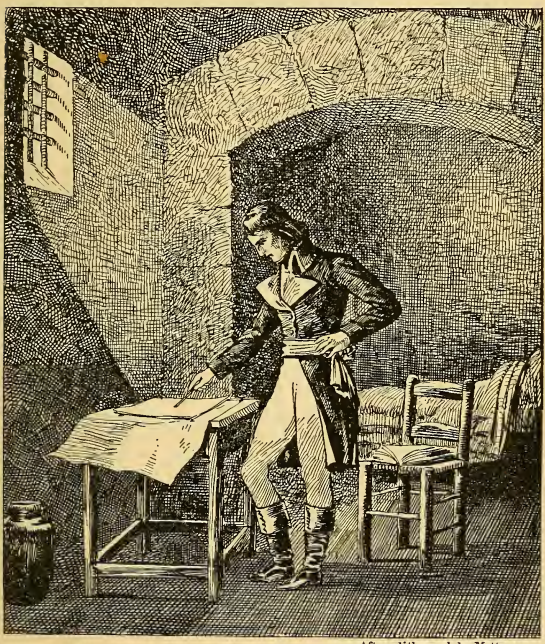
In the winter of 1793, at Toulon, a French seaport, the French surrendered their town to the English, whose fleet was occupying the bay. Napoleon was sent at the head of the Second Regiment to join the troops which were already trying to retake the city. As soon as he arrived he saw that the siege was useless so long as the English fleet lay in the harbor. He was only a subordinate officer, however, and it was some time before he could get the general in command to listen to him. At last, however, he succeeded. He placed the artillery at points which commanded the harbor, the fleet was bombarded, forced to withdraw, and the city, exactly as the young officer had foreseen, was subdued.

For his services here Napoleon was made

general of the brigade. The wiry, unconquerable little Corsican had at last made an opening for himself. The poverty which he had fought all his life became a thing of the past, his family was helped, and the young man felt relieved from the burden of anxiety which he had carried since a child.

Although this relief was very great and left him free to do many things which before were impossible, Napoleon soon found that his misfortunes were not at an end. In August, after the fall of Toulon, he was arrested because of his intimacy with a young man by the name of Robespierre, whose father, falling under the suspicion of the Revolutionists, had been beheaded. The favor of the impulsive French people was a very unreliable thing in those days of the Revolution, and Napoleon spent two very anxious weeks in prison before he was released and assured that he was not to be one of the many who were each day carted off to the dreaded guillotine.

But while this experience was decidedly uncomfortable, it was not considered much



After a lithograph by Motte

Napoleon in prison. At the fall of Robespierre from power, all his friends were cast into prison, Napoleon among them. At the end of thirteen days his friends procured his release.

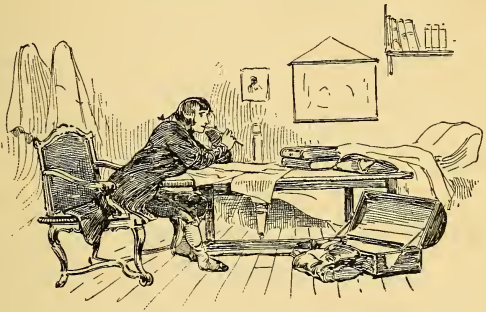
of a disgrace, and did not affect Napoleon half as much as an incident which occurred

in April of the next spring. Napoleon had been away from Paris all winter on one expedition and another, and when he rejoined the army he found that he had been changed from the department of the artillery to that of the infantry. This change was considered a great disgrace, and just why it had been done no one seemed to know. Napoleon refused to go with his command under such circumstances, and the opening which he had worked so fiercely to make, and which had looked so bright and full of promise, was closed. A sullen despair, a feeling that he was doomed to be a failure, settled over him.

One great secret of Napoleon's success in life was the quickness with which he sprang to his feet after a downfall. Even now, when the working and waiting of years seemed to have brought him nothing but disappointment, he did not allow his misfortune to overwhelm him for long. His restless, ambitious mind had long been attracted to the countries of the far East,

and he was soon in the midst of enthusiastic schemes for an expedition to Turkey.

While he was busy studying routes, planning campaigns, and writing numerous letters to his brother Joseph about what he



Napoleon studying routes, and planning campaigns.

should do when he had the Orient at his feet, the war committee at Paris were looking for some one to draw up plans for an Italian campaign. An old friend of Napoleon, who knew of the long hours of thorough study which the young man had given to the geography of foreign countries, recommended him to the committee. He was called before it and his clear

judgment, careful attention to all details, and enthusiastic energy soon made him friends and brought him the confidence of those in authority.

So great was this confidence that when the overthrow of the government was threatened by a revolt in Paris, October, 1795, Napoleon was asked to take charge of the force which was to defend the Tuileries where the national convention was in session.

"I accept," he said to the friend who came to him with the request, "but I warn you that once my sword is out of the scabbard, I shall not replace it till I have established order."

And he kept his word. With swiftness and a perfectness of method which took the breath of those whom he commanded, he prepared the defense of the palace. Cannons were placed at the head of all the avenues leading from the Tuileries, so that their deadly fire could sweep the long streets. So thoroughly was the work done that when the mob marched up the streets

toward the Tuileries a roar from the cannons greeted them, and Paris was quieted almost before the people realized that the revolt had begun.

A few weeks later Napoleon was made general-in-chief of the Army of the Interior. He had come to the front once more, and this time with a bound that placed him firmly in a position which many an old and experienced general would have considered it an honor to hold.

Loyal to those who had been his friends in times of trouble, on the very day after the sweeping victory of the Tuileries, when every one was singing the praises of the "little officer," and excited Paris clamored for a sight of the hero, Napoleon, sympathetic and full of sorrow, spent several hours at the Permons, where Monsieur Permon had just died. With the honor which came to him through his new position, came also the power to secure positions of ease for many who had been kind to him in the past, and through his efforts his mother brothers, and sisters were placed in luxury.

During these months of excitement and quick advance in public favor, Napoleon was made much of and entertained by many wealthy and influential people. Among the many whom he met was Josephine de Beauharnais, a woman whose charm of manner and sweetness of disposition made her a favorite in the brilliant circle around her. Napoleon was attracted to her from their very first meeting, and determined to marry her. In his love affairs, as in his public life, to will was to do with the masterful Napoleon, and Josephine became Madame Bonaparte in the month of March, 1796.

Chapter VII

Napoleon's First Great Campaigns

JUST one week before his marriage Napoleon had been made commander in chief of the Army of Italy, an army which had been in Italy for three years without making any headway against the Austrians, who were steadily gaining possession of the disputed territory. The position was one of great difficulty for the young commander. Under him were men much older than himself—generals who had won fame and grown old in years of service. It was not to be supposed that they would welcome as a commander a young man, barely twenty-seven, a foreigner of whom they knew nothing except that he had won Paris by a skillful trick in defending the Tuileries.

Dignified, severe, and with an air of undisputed power, Napoleon joined his ragged, half-starved, rebellious command

on March 22, 1796; just nineteen days afterward disobedience and rebellion were at an end, the most rigid discipline had taken its place, and the army was ready and eager to act.

Not for one instant had Napoleon appeared at a loss. Familiar with every detail of army life, from the planning of a great campaign to the loading and firing of his army's cannons, he had been complete master of the situation from the very start; just as he had been in the snowball fight at Brienne so many years before. The old officers who came into his presence, for the first time, with a feeling of contempt in their hearts for his ability, had been given curt, decisive orders, accompanied with a shrewd, piercing glance from under the heavy brows, which assured them that the dark young officer was there to command, and they to obey.

A French cavalryman.

All disobedience had been met with swift, sure punishment; all attention to duty with a quiet word of approval.

On the tenth of April, enthusiastic and certain of victory, Napoleon led his army against the Austrians; fifteen days afterward his troops were drawn up before him and he addressed them as follows:

"Soldiers! In fifteen days you have gained six victories, taken twenty-one stands of colors, fifty-five pieces of cannon, and several fortresses, and conquered the richest part of Piedmont. You have made fifteen hundred prisoners, and killed or wounded ten thousand men. . . . . .

"You were utterly destitute, and have supplied your wants. You have gained battles without cannons, passed rivers without bridges, performed forced marches without shoes, bivouaced without brandy and often without bread. None but republican phalanxes—soldiers of liberty—could have borne what you have endured. For this you have the thanks of your country."

The people of Italy were astonished,

France was wild, and the army itself was breathless and bewildered over the sweeping victories of a fortnight. The remainder of the campaign was like the beginning, a series of brilliant battles, of deeds of fearless daring on the part of the French, of overwhelming defeat for the enemy. The revolting provinces in Italy were subdued, the Austrians were driven out of the fair country and made to sue for peace under the very walls of Vienna. Napoleon was in every place, inspiring his soldiers with a bravery that made them his devoted followers ever after, cheering them when they had done their best, chiding them for the least neglect of duty.

During the Italian campaign, 1796, "Bonaparte."

At the battle of Lodi, the bulk of the Austrian army lay beyond a bridge, the end of which had been fortified with cannons. The French troops rushed forward, but the great Austrian guns belched forth such a terrible storm of shot and shell that the lines gave way, faltered, and fell back.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE ON THE BRIDGE AT LODI AT THE BATTLE OF ARCOLE

From the painting in the Louvre, by Antoine-Jean Gros. This portrait was painted in Milan, Italy, in 1797 at the solicitation of Josephine Bonaparte. Napoleon sat for it after the campaign was over.

Napoleon, seeing that all was about to be lost, sprang to the front, cheering his men, while he stood directly in the sweep of the death-dealing cannon. The French army, wild with enthusiasm, rushed after him and the victory was won; won, too, was the loyalty of the French army for their Little Corporal, a name which the soldiers gave Napoleon that day and which clung to him ever after. From that battle the soldiers were his to do with as he would, and never, in all history, has any general had the influence over his men, or the unbounded love and admiration of those under him, that Napoleon had.

While all this was going on in Italy, Paris was receiving, along with the news of victory, money, magnificent pictures, beautiful statues, and treasures of untold value from the conquered country. Procession after procession filed through the streets of Paris, made up of chariots filled with all this wealth from Italian galleries and treasure houses, accompanied with flying colors, with bands of musicians, and

with soldiers and citizens singing national hymns to celebrate the wonderful victory.

It is no wonder that the people of Paris went wild with enthusiasm over the man who had brought them all this good fortune; that all else should be laid aside on the day of his return, while the multitude crowded in and around the grand court of the palace to hear the Little Corporal tell, modestly and hesitatingly, of the victories his army had won in sunny Italy.

It was a great day for Napoleon, but one for which he had worked and waited. Many people, dazzled by the brilliancy of our little Corsican's life, believe that his wonderful success was due alone to his remarkable military genius. But the friends who have followed him through his lonely, discontented days at Brienne, where he spent his time studying the life of Plutarch and the campaigns of Cæsar, and through the long hours at

A French grenadier.

Valence and Auxonne, where he pinched and starved to help his people; working always, desperately and thoroughly, with a perseverance unknown among the young soldiers; these friends know that it was not genius alone.

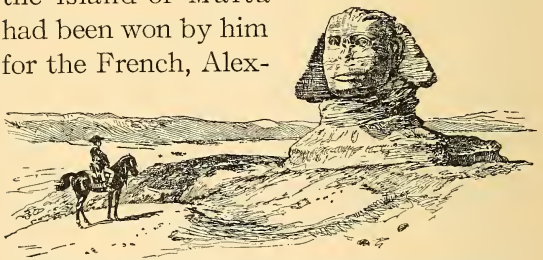
For days after Napoleon's return from Italy, the enthusiasm for the hero continued. He tried to shut himself up, away from the crowds who came to see him, but he could not restrain the admiration of the French people. At the theaters there were plays produced descriptive of his Italian campaign; the great poets wrote about him, and whenever he ventured out he was received with the greatest dignity and respect. But none of this pomp and glory satisfied Napoleon. It was impossible for him to remain inactive, and he said:

"Paris weighs on me like a leaden mantle."

France was now at peace with all the continent, but was on the eve of war with England. To make a direct attack on the island it was necessary to have a fleet.

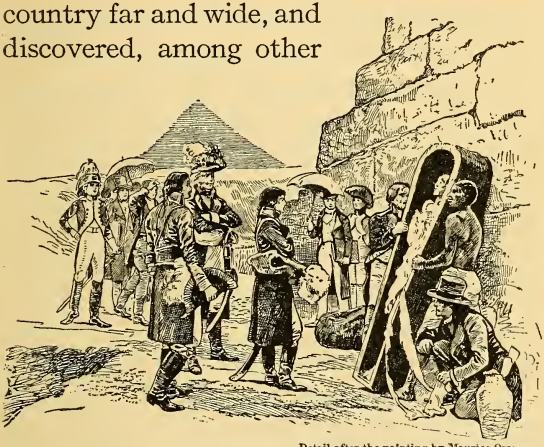
The French had no fleet. Therefore it was decided to attack England through her colonies. Far-away Egypt, a Turkish province, was selected as the first field of war; if it could be secured for the French, England would be cut off from India.

The dreams that Napoleon had had of seeking wealth and fame in the Orient began to haunt him again as the government made its plans for invading the land of the Pyramids. He asked to be sent to Egypt; his request was granted, and he left Paris May, 1798. By the last of July the island of Malta had been won by him for the French, Alexandria had been taken, the great battle of the Pyramids had been fought, and the



Napoleon and the Sphinx. His tribute during the Egyptian campaign.

French government was in control of Cairo. In the months that followed, Napoleon worked hard to establish his eastern empire. He had brought with him a number of great scholars, who explored the ancient country far and wide, and discovered, among other



Detail after the painting by Maurice Orange

Bonaparte at the base of the Pyramids, being shown the mummies of Egypt.

things, the bed of an old canal, which has since been turned into the present Suez Canal. The Institute of Egypt was founded, and civilization and education were encouraged everywhere.

Shortly after the arrival of Napoleon in Egypt, the English fleet, which had been in search of the French for weeks, discovered the enemy's vessels off the coast of Egypt. A battle followed between the two fleets, in which the French were conquered and their ships destroyed. Napoleon and his land forces awakened to find themselves shut up in a foreign country with the British war vessels guarding the coast and cutting off all communications with France. Napoleon controlled the land, however, and so long as the trouble confined itself to the naval forces he continued his peaceful labors at Cairo.

But in the midst of his work he received word that Turkey had declared war against France, and that two Turkish armies were already on their way to attack the French force in Egypt. Napoleon at once massed his troops and marched to meet the enemy. The plague and the heat weakened the French army, and the expedition ended in failure and retreat. And, although a second division of the Turks was routed soon

after in the battle of Aboukir, Napoleon never again had the same dreams of establishing an oriental kingdom.

During the negotiations of the two armies concerning peace some old French newspapers fell into the hands of Napoleon. It had been nearly a year since he had heard anything from Paris, and now he read with dismay that Italy had been lost, that France was threatened by war with Russia, and that the French government was about to fall. Napoleon started for Paris at once, leaving his army in Egypt.

An adverse wind arose as Napoleon's boat neared the island of Corsica, and at last forced the voyagers to take shelter in the Gulf of Ajaccio. For nearly a week they were kept here, and Napoleon wandered through the town, pointing out, with all his old-time pride, the home of his ancestors, and greeting his boyhood friends. The resentment which the Corsicans had felt for Napoleon when he had cast in his fortune with that of France was swallowed up in their pride in the little Cor-

sican who had once belonged to them, and whose name and fame were now world-wide.

Uncle Joey Fesch, who was soon to be made an archdeacon, still lived in Ajaccio, and he and Napoleon again lived over the days when they had routed the shepherd lads, and the older boy had sympathized with and protected his queer, dark little nephew. Even now he came to the rescue, as in the old times. Napoleon had left Egypt much poorer than when he went there, although the money chest of the army was under his control, and he could have supplied his wants if he had cared to do so. The archdeacon now helped him by exchanging French money for the Turkish, but even with that help, Napoleon had barely enough to meet his expenses to Paris, which he reached October, 16, 1799.

One disaster after another had come to France since Napoleon had left. No sooner had he landed in Egypt than Austria and Russia, supported by English money, had waged war upon the republic. The French were driven from the conquered

provinces in Italy and Germany and the enemy threatened to invade France itself. Added to these troubles the new government in France had not been satisfactory, and the people of the king's party were creeping from their hiding places with an assurance that boded no good to the new republic.

No wonder that the young commander, who had gained such brilliant victories in Italy, who had disappeared so soon after in the Egyptian campaign, only to reappear again in the hour of their greatest need, was received with the wildest joy. So swift, so sure, so complete had been his victory in the past, that the impulsive French people gave themselves up to rejoicing. They had the utmost faith that what the Little Corporal had done once he could do again, and that France was saved. His journey from Frejus, where he landed, to Paris was one of the greatest triumph. All, from the highest

One of Napoleon's non-commissioned officers.

to the lowest, hastened to greet the young hero; hastened to welcome him home.

Such universal faith in his power brought the greatest happiness to Napoleon, and now, as ever, when his people were with him, he acted quickly, with unerring judgment, and with a certainty of success. With cunning and military force he overthrew the government at Paris November 9, 1799, and was made Dictator of France. Shortly afterward the constitution was revised by him and his friends and the whole government was given into the hands of one man, the First Consul. Napoleon was chosen to fill this place. France lay at the feet of the little Corsican; it was his to do with as he would.

Chapter VIII

Napoleon, First Consul of France

IN the days that followed Napoleon bore himself as the true servant of France. He apparently cared nothing for flattery or attention. His time was given up to straightening out the troubles of his country. Outside of the meeting of the council, which he attended three or four times a week, Napoleon spent the days of that winter in his cabinet, reading and writing letters, examining all the work he had ordered done, signing his documents with the short syllable "Nap" or a great scrawling "N," talking, thinking, planning, and subduing the rebellious provinces.

Sometimes he would drop his work and begin singing as he whittled the arm of his great chair; and then, acting, as he looked, more like an overgrown boy than the ruler of all France, he would start to his feet and suddenly announce some great plan

for the improvement of the country, or describe rapidly some startling scheme which soon after would astonish and dismay the whole world.

As the most powerful man in all France, he was, of course, flooded with requests for money and positions. Kindly, thoughtfully, and sympathetically he answered these, wherever he felt that the cause was a just one or the suppliant worthy.

One day he received a letter from an old man who had been a friend of Charles Bonaparte, and had lived in Ajaccio when Napoleon was a schoolboy. He had lent Monsieur Bonaparte twenty-five louis to meet some expense connected with Napoleon's work at Brienne. Napoleon's father was unable to pay the debt, and after his death the old friend would not hear of Madame Bonaparte's paying it. Old and poor, he now wrote to Napoleon. The First Consul was overcome with emotion when he read the letter, and turning quickly to Bourrienne, who was now his secretary, he said:

"Bourrienne, this is sacred! Do not lose a minute. Send the old man ten times the sum."

Mindful of the distress which he had seen in the provinces, where the people were in a turmoil of civil strife and at the same time in danger of foreign invasion; where the land was left uncultivated that all able-bodied men might go to war; where hunger and disease were widespread, Napoleon determined to make peace, if possible, with England and Austria, the two foreign enemies. While these efforts for peace were being made, however, Napoleon was preparing himself for war, if it had to come. His offers were rejected by these countries. The great maps which belonged to him were brought out and spread on his study floor, and Napoleon, on his hands and knees with pencil, compass, and measure, went over the countries he expected to invade, inch by inch, until every step his army was to take was perfectly known. Even the battles were fought over and over on his

study floor with black and red-headed pins to represent the different armies.

"Time is everything" was one of Napoleon's great rules of warfare. As soon as he saw that France must fight, he began, with the secrecy which he always kept concerning his military plans, to gather his forces. Before the people realized what was to happen, the French troops were on the march and the Little Corporal's plan was evident. He intended to lead his men across the Alps. France and the world stood aghast at the daring of the venture.

Of the three passes through the mountains, one was guarded by the Austrians. By a feint Napoleon directed the attention of the enemy to a second. The central pass was left without defense. It was along this road that Napoleon led his army, undaunted by difficulties that seemed to the bravest to be unconquerable. The whole army—infantry, cavalry, baggage, artillery—passed along narrow paths where even the mountain goats picked their way with care. Man by man, horse by horse,

with the artillery in pieces and dragged in hollow trunks of trees, they struggled on. Napoleon in his gray great-coat, led them all. At times the trail passed along the very edge of a dizzy precipice, while overhead great masses of snow and tottering rocks hung, ready to fall.

The gray riding coat and little hat worn by Napoleon during his last campaigns.

When the summits of the mountains were reached the soldiers coasted down the slopes. This was great fun, and was only stopped when the mud put an end to the snow. Coming to a little mountain town in possession of the Austrians, the horses' feet and the wheels of the cannon were bound in straw, and the army passed through the streets at night, under the very nose of the Austrian fort, without being discovered. Nothing stopped them; enthusiastic, fearless, daring, on they went until they reached the sunny plains of Italy. It was no wonder that the greatest generals of that time and

since looked upon the achievement as a miracle, and that the people of Paris said in bewilderment:

"The First Consul pointed his finger at the frozen summits and they bowed their heads."

With such a beginning the campaign could not help being successful. The victory at Marengo was won June 14, 1800, and the Austrians were again driven from Italy. In the meantime the French army had been equally successful against the Austrians in the Rhine valley, and France was rid of one enemy. In 1802 England also agreed to Napoleon's terms and France was at peace with the world.

Napoleon addressing the giant infantryman.

But long before this peace had been made, in fact as soon as the Little Corporal had been made First Consul, the people of France had begun to feel that a new and better freedom had come to them and their country. Directing the affairs

of a state was new work for the soldier Napoleon, but to many people what he did as a statesman for France is more wonderful than his brilliant campaigns. That a man who had spent his childhood in military schools and his manhood in army camps should have the necessary knowledge to carry on the affairs of state, seemed impossible. But Napoleon in his dreams of an eastern empire had worked out his ideas of a government, and his life-long study of people had helped him to make those ideas practical and beneficial.

But such a state as France was when it gave itself into the hands of Napoleon! The treasury was empty and the country was bankrupt. Taxes were high and it was next to impossible to collect them. The factories of the country were standing idle, and the fields were laid bare by the many rebellions that had swept France since 1789.

Napoleon took up his new work with the same boldness and self command that marked him in his military life. A quiet, honest man was given charge of the finan-

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cial affairs, and the credit of France was soon reëstablished. Napoleon insisted that the taxes should pay all expenses, and yet the people of France had never before been so free from the burden of taxation. Where a laboring man had had only eighteen or nineteen francs left after paying his taxes, he now had, under Napoleon's rule, seventy-nine.

The trait which had made the little Corsican rebel against extravagance at school showed itself now in the strict watch he kept on all his officials, and the carefulness with which he guarded the expenses of his own household. Every man was made to earn the money his country paid him, and no one worked harder than the First Consul himself, who sometimes slept but one hour in the twenty-four. Nothing was too small to receive his personal attention. Once, when asked if he could not pass some of his work over to a secretary, he answered:

"Later, perhaps. Now it is impossible. I must answer for all."

Not satisfied at relieving the actual need of his country, Napoleon was constantly at work on improvements, for which the French will have good cause to remember and bless him long after the glory of his victories has ceased to thrill them. Roads and public buildings were restored and new ones built; education along every line was encouraged. Remembering the poor training and easy lives the boys had had at Paris, Napoleon reorganized the military schools and saw that the strictest discipline was enforced; the renowned University of France was established and many private schools were organized. Religion, which had vanished from France with the coming of the Revolution, was again respected; churches were rebuilt, and the poor people, who had all along said their prayers in silence and had longed for a place to worship, blessed the name of Napoleon. He also gave to France a body of laws, clear, practical, and systematic, which alone was sufficient to make his name famous.

The last work was the most difficult of

all for Napoleon, for it was necessary to have a knowledge of law to oversee and grasp the discussions that came up. In order to do this Napoleon would study far into the night, preparing himself for the next day. So well could he fix his mind on one thing, so thoroughly did he master his subject, that the able lawyers and statesmen who had been selected by him to draw up the code were often puzzled to answer his shrewd questions.

Outside of the present boundaries of France, in the countries which Napoleon conquered and brought under his rule, the First Consul also carried on his work of improvement. Passes were made through the Alps so that the journey can now be made with comparative ease; canals were built, harbors improved, industries established and encouraged.

So great was the work done by this one man, so small in body but with such wonderful endurance, that the France which, at the beginning of his reign, had lain deso-

late before the discouraged people, had now, as a countryman contentedly said:

"Nothing to ask from heaven, but that the sun may continue to shine, the rain to fall on our fields, and the earth to render the seed fruitful."

If Napoleon had been satisfied with this great work of improvement, all would have been well, but his love of glory and of action could not long be satisfied by these works of peace. As successful in running the affairs of a nation as he had been in his military campaigns, he began to feel that a republic was too narrow a field in which to display his brilliant powers.

In 1802 he had himself elected First Consul for life. But Napoleon was not content that the power which he had brought to the Bonaparte family should end with his life. There was only one way to prevent this and that was to abandon the republic and establish an empire.

As if to aid him in the carrying out of this desire, the French people had begun to ask themselves about the fate of France

when the First Consul should be no more. This question had been caused by the numerous attempts against the life of Napoleon. These attacks, made by people who were jealous of the great man's power, only strengthened the devotion of his followers. At last, after much scheming on the part of Napoleon and his friends, it was decided to establish an empire, over which Napoleon and, after him, his descendants should rule.

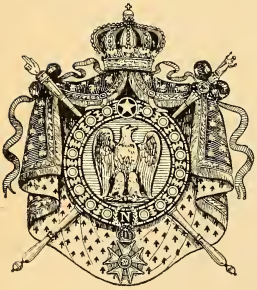
Chapter IX

Napoleon, Emperor of France and King of Italy

NAPOLEON was crowned in the cathedral of Notre Dame, December 2, 1804. The day began cold and rainy, but just as the procession started from the Tuileries the sun burst out from the clouds. The courtiers came first dressed with all the magnificence which Napoleon insisted on in his newly made court. After them came the marshals of the empire, their jeweled decorations flashing brilliantly in the sunshine. They were followed by the high officers of the court. The emperor came last. The great crowds of people thronged the streets, pushing each other hither and thither, some laughing, others in a bad humor from their wait through the long rainy morning. But as Napoleon came in sight, all discomforts, all other thoughts were forgot-

ten, the crowd became as one man, and cheer after cheer rang down the gay streets.

Within the cathedral all the great people of France had gathered to give their blessing to the man who had brought them such vast territories and wonderful victories, and had restored their country to peace and prosperity. As they waited for his coming, the great Pope of Rome entered and walked slowly to his place, while the solemn chanting of many priests filled the great building. Shortly after, the firing of cannon told the people of Paris that Napoleon was on his way.



When he arrived at Notre Dame he at once ascended the throne before the grand altar. Josephine stood beside him, and around them were many of the powerful rulers of Europe, who had come to honor the coronation of the man who filled them with amazement at his genius and terrified them with his victories. Calmly

and reverently Napoleon stood, while the Pope prayed:

"Diffuse, O Lord, by our hands, the treasures of your grace and benediction on your servant Napoleon, whom, in spite of our personal unworthiness, we this day anoint emperor, in your name."

As he closed the prayer the Pope turned to take the crown from the altar in order to place it on the head of Napoleon, but before he could do so, Napoleon seized it and placed it upon his own head, while his face lighted up with an expression of power and fearlessness which the people who saw it never forgot.

When it came time for Josephine to be crowned, she stepped down from her throne, and, ascending the steps toward the altar, knelt before Napoleon with her hands clasped and her eyes full of tears. Napoleon took the little crown intended for the empress, put it first on his own head, and then lightly and gracefully placed it on the head of Josephine.

On the first day of the next April the

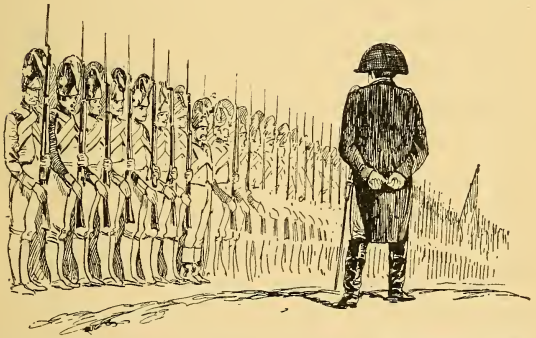
emperor, accompanied by a great train of officials, started for Italy, where he was to be crowned king of the country which he had twice rescued for France. The coronation took place in the great cathedral at Milan, and the crown used was the heavy iron one which for so many years had been used in the coronation of the kings of Lombardy. Here, as at Notre Dame, Napoleon seized the crown and placed it on his head, while he repeated loudly the words engraved on it:

"God gives it to me; beware who touches it."

Just a year before the coronation the treaty of peace with England had been broken. Both countries were to blame, and both began elaborate preparations for war. Napoleon assembled an army at Boulogne and for months threatened the island of England with an attack. He was forced to give up this plan, however, on account of the lack of a good fleet and of a new combination that was formed against France, for after the French Empire was

established and Italy came under the control of France, Austria and Russia became jealous of the power of Napoleon and joined England in a plan to subdue France.

The instant that news reached Napoleon of this combination of forces, he was on his feet and ready for action. Messengers were sent flying to Italy, to the Rhine



From a lithograph by Raffet

Napoleon reviewing the Old Guard, the pride of the armies of France.

states, and to Boulogne, where a great army had been in camp for months, awaiting the emperor's orders to descend on England. In a marvelously short time the whole French army was on its way to

the Rhine. After that river was crossed speed meant everything, if the Austrians were to be crippled before the Russians could unite with them.

In the face of terrible weather, the soldiers moved forward in response to their little general, under whom many of them had fought at Lodi and Marengo. There was no rest day or night, and Napoleon was in their midst at all times. For one week he did not take his boots off. He talked, he explained their position in an enemy's country, he cheered them with promises of victory, while sometimes they stood knee deep in icy slush.

His promises were kept, for the Austrians, bewildered by the swiftness of the march and deceived by certain moves of the French troups, were defeated, and compelled to surrender 60,000 prisoners, 120 guns, 90 colors, and over 30 generals. It was a victory gained by legs, as Napoleon said, for scarcely four weeks had passed since the French army crossed the Rhine.

Before the Austrians had time to recover their breath from this defeat the French were on their way again, and by the middle of the next month, November, Vienna was surrounded, and the royal family had fled in fear and confusion.

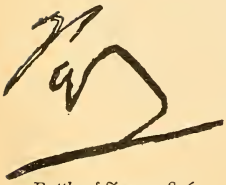
The Austrian army now retreated rapidly to the east, and managed to meet the Russian forces which were coming to their aid under Alexander I., the young czar. The combined force of the enemy now numbered 90,000 men. Napoleon had about 10,000 less and was in the midst of a hostile country.

Feeling that victory must be his, Alexander marched against Napoleon, and the battle of Austerlitz was fought on the second of December, 1805. At four o'clock that morning Napoleon was on his horse, waiting for the dense fog to lift, to see the position of the enemy's lines. At eight he rode along in front of his magnificent army, inspiring his men with his faith in their strength and finally giving the signal for attack with the command:

"Close the campaign with a clap of thunder." And they did. Before night the enemy were driven flying from the field, and the Austrians were compelled to sue for peace, while the Russians were too crippled to continue the struggle.

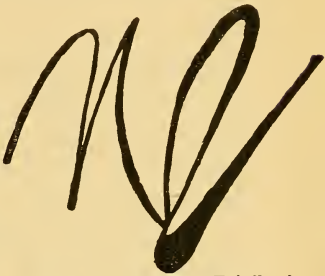
The emperor was back in Paris by the first of the year 1806, within three months after leaving it, but not to rest. England was still to be subdued and Prussia had joined her in the attempt to crush France. All through the spring and summer of 1806 Napoleon tried to make peace without war, but all attempts failed, and by the end of September the grand army of France was again on the march, this time toward central Germany.

Napoleon had made his preparations so secretly, it being believed until the last minute that he was going on a long hunt, that when the French suddenly appeared on the flanks of the Prussian army the latter were overwhelmed and forced to retreat. The battle of Jena



Battle of Jena, 1806,
"Napol."

was fought, bringing the French another great victory, and on the twenty-fifth of October Napoleon marched into Berlin with flying colors. The Prussian king fled to the Russians for help and protection. Napoleon followed and the struggle continued until the following summer, when it was closed by the battle of Friedland, June 14. Napoleon wrote to Josephine after this battle:



As Emperor, battle of Friedland, 1807, "N"

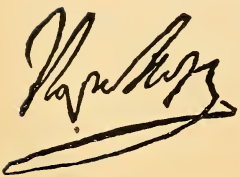
> "I write you only a few words, for I am very tired. I have been bivouacking for several days. My children have worthily celebrated the anniversary of Marengo. The battle of Friedland will be just as celebrated and as glorious for my people. The whole Russian army routed, 80 guns captured, 30,000 men taken prisoners or killed, with 25 generals; the Russian guard annihilated; it is the worthy

sister of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena. The bulletin will tell you the rest. My loss is not large. I successfully outmanœuvered the enemy.

"NAPOLEON."

It was no wonder that Napoleon was tired. For, while carrying on the campaign of the last two years, he had continued his orders concerning public improvements, and, although in the heart of an enemy's country, he knew every detail of the state affairs of France, and controlled them as if in the council chamber at Paris.

The peace of Tilsit closed the war with Prussia and Russia, and brought Napoleon to the height of his power. The little Corsican was now Emperor of France and King of Italy; Protector of the Rhine States, and Mediator of Switzerland. Central Europe lay prostrate at his feet, while Russia was now his ally. It was not strange that all Europe looked upon the Little Corporal with fear. Country



As Emperor, 1804, "Napoleon."

after country was being added to his realm, and those that were not already under his control trembled at his power.

Many of the vast domains conquered by him were ruled by his brothers, sisters, and friends; Louis had been made king of Holland; Joseph, king of Naples; Jerome, king of Westphalia. But all were answerable to the emperor, who knew exactly what was being done in every country over which the French colors floated.

Chapter X

The Tide Begins to Turn

ENGLAND still remained unconquered. That fact was the one thorn in the flesh of the great "King of Kings." All through the months that he was busy crushing Prussia and Russia he was thinking, scheming, working to humble the proud British. His task was difficult, for while he had been on his march to Vienna, the English fleet had met the allied French and Spanish fleets off Trafalgar and had completely destroyed them.

Napoleon was compelled to see that his power extended only over land forces. It was impossible to carry the war directly into the island kingdom. The plan he at last settled upon was one of the most despotic and daring the world has ever known. All the ports of the European continent which were in any way con-

trolled by Napoleon were to be closed against the commerce of England. Nothing was to be received from that country and nothing sold to it. Napoleon's power extended along the whole coast line of Europe, except that of Denmark and Portugal. Such an order if obeyed, could not help but bring want to many people.

With the issuing of this command the welfare of his subjects became a secondary matter with the emperor; he thought only of his desire to revenge himself on England. The suffering of a starving people meant nothing to him in the face of this overwhelming desire. Napoleon was beginning to forget in his ambition and in his hatred of England, that his chief power lay in the love and allegiance of those whom he controlled.

A General of Cavalry.

In this unusual and strange forgetfulness he showed his greatest weakness as a ruler.

Portugal refused to close her ports at Napoleon's command, and with that refusal the emperor's trouble began. War with Portugal was followed by war with Spain, and, while engaged in trying to overcome the stubborn resistance of the patriotic Spanish peasants, the treachery of some of his supposed friends called Napoleon back to Paris. In the meantime, Austria, knowing that Napoleon was being hard pressed by these wars, had collected her army and started with forced marches to reach the Rhine before the emperor could collect his forces.

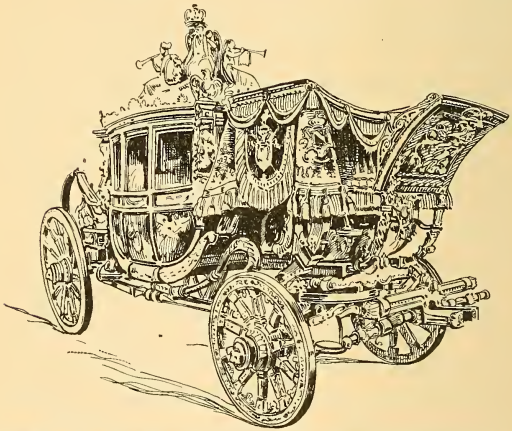
It was the twelfth of April, 1809, when Napoleon heard that the Austrians were nearing France. Five days later he had gathered his army from all parts of his vast empire, was ready for battle, and by the fifth of July the Austrians were again forced to accept Napoleon's terms of peace. In 1810 this last treaty was sealed by the marriage of the emperor with Marie Louise

of Austria, Josephine having been divorced from Napoleon a short time before.

At the close of the war with Russia in 1807, when Frederick William III. of Prussia and Alexander of Russia had met Napoleon at Tilsit to draw up the treaty of peace, Napoleon had taken a great fancy to Alexander, and the two men became friends. The old king of Prussia, overcome by his great losses, was something of a drawback to the enjoyment of the younger men, and often, after the three had dined together, Napoleon and Alexander would go away by themselves, as two schoolboys might do, and talk and enjoy themselves until far into the night. The two had made many plans in the days that they had spent together, and Alexander promised to help Napoleon crush England. Later on a marriage between the emperor and the czar's sister, Anna Paulowna, was discussed and approved of.

But when Napoleon came to select his second wife from the list of European

princesses, there was a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the Russian czar, and Napoleon, angered at the delay, chose Marie Louise of Austria. His haste in doing so was looked upon as a slight by Alexander, and the friendship of the two great men



The state carriage used by Napoleon during the régime of the Empire.

came to an end. For several months the czar had not been strictly enforcing the decree concerning the closing of Russian ports against England's goods, and it soon

became evident that war would have to come between the two nations — Russia and France.

Napoleon, with his usual decision, began his preparations to invade Russia, although he felt most deeply the breaking of his friendship with the young czar. With an army which has never been equaled in magnificence, the emperor started from Dresden in May, 1812. There were troops from all the conquered nations, side by side with his own French soldiers, making up an army of 1,100,000 men. Over one-half of this large force was kept as reserve to defend the towns and country which the advancing army expected to conquer. But although Napoleon managed the campaign with the same assurance of victory as in former years, although the same strict discipline was now enforced, and although he had an army under his control that was the wonder of all Europe, he was unable to conquer the Russians.

After crossing the Niemen River the French army began to meet with difficul-

ties which were new to them, and with which Napoleon was unable to cope. As fast as the French advanced the Russians retreated, leading the French farther and farther into a hostile country which was laid bare by the retreating army, leaving nothing for the oncoming French to seize. All the time that this chase was being carried on, scattered troops from the Russian army hung on the flanks of the French, picking off man after man, engaging in skirmishes with divisions of the French army, but refusing to engage in a pitched battle.

At last Smolensk came in sight, and here the first battle of the campaign was fought, August 12. The town was taken by Napoleon, but with a loss of 12,000 men, and when the French army marched into Smolensk it was found to be nothing but burning ruins. The Russians had fired it before leaving. Discouraged, with a scarcity of supplies, and suffering from sickness, the French had nothing left but to follow the still retreating Russians.

Moscow was reached in the middle of September, and the French entered the city with great rejoicing. There were food and shelter for all and they thought the long march was at an end for the present. That night Moscow was burned to the ground, set on fire by the few Russians who had remained in the city.

The days which followed increased the already terrible suffering of the French. And still Napoleon would not retreat. He wrote to France of the loss Russia had sustained in the burning of Moscow. He wrote to Alexander, hoping to make peace. But Alexander had taken a vow that he would not make peace as long as there was a single foe on Russian ground; and he kept the vow.

A Russian grenadier.

Napoleon saw only two ways open to him: to keep his troops starving and freezing in the ruined city through a Russian winter or to go back to France. To go on across the

great frozen plains of Russia in pursuit of the enemy was utter folly. Anything was better than to sit quietly by while the army starved, and Napoleon ordered the retreat toward France to begin.

In the retreat, as in the advance, the dreaded Cossacks hindered the progress of the French, while the days grew steadily colder and colder. The climax was reached at Smolensk, where Napoleon had ordered that provisions and clothing should be waiting for the destitute army. Starved and half frozen, the soldiers had struggled on with the hope of relief, only to find, on reaching the city, that Napoleon's order had not been obeyed, and that they must take up their march again with no prospect of relief.

It was too much for even these brave men to endure. Angry, rebellious, and disheartened, the army turned into a sullen mob, and straggled back to France as best it could, each man looking out for himself; discipline became a thing of the past. When the Niemen was reached only about

40,000 men were left of the glorious army which had started out so full of hope and strength but a few months before, and, of this ghastly remnant, many had barely strength enough to reach a place where they could die in peace.

Never did the unconquerable will of Napoleon show itself so clearly as in the days following this terrible retreat. Self-reliant, commanding, fearless, he returned to Paris and almost immediately began his preparations to enter Russia again in the spring. To no one did he acknowledge that he had been defeated; it was always the Russians whose cities had been burned, whose country had been laid waste. Once only did he show that underneath the bold appearance there was a heart that was bleeding for the noble men who had perished so pitiably on the snow-covered fields of Russia. He had been giving the legislature of France an account of his campaign, calmly assuring them that while the victory had been hardly won, yet won it had been. Perhaps some vivid picture of the terrible

suffering he had seen, perhaps the remembrance of the grand army he had led to an ignominious death, came suddenly before him, for all at once he stopped, then went on huskily:

"In a few nights everything changed. I have suffered great losses. They would have broken my heart if I had been accessible to any other feelings than the interest, the glory, and the future of my people."

In spite of the stories that each day were being brought back to the French people by the straggling, ragged remnant of the grand army, the Senate voted that Napo-

Russian peasants attacking stragglers from the French army in the disorganized retreat from Moscow.

leon should have a new army of 350,000 men, fully equipped, to meet the Russians. In the meantime, Alexander himself, with his army, had crossed the Niemen and, joined by England, Spain, Prussia, Sweden, and Austria, prepared to defeat Napoleon.

A great terror of the Little Corporal had taken hold of all these powerful nations. It was not France they had combined against, but it had been proved that not one, or two, or three countries could outwit or subdue Napoleon. So this great alliance had been formed, with an army of 800,000 men, to crush one man, so great was the fear and jealousy his power excited. And they took the time when the grand army of France was crushed by the terrible Russian campaign to do this work.

Chapter XI

Failure and Exile

IN the face of overwhelming difficulties the first part of the year 1813 brought victory to Napoleon and restored hope to the French, while at the same time the allies were seized with a fear that perhaps the Little Corporal would triumph in spite of them. But it was impossible that an army of 350,000, even when commanded by Napoleon, could long stand against 800,000. The end was hastened by the desertion of many troops from the conquered states. Weakened by these losses, and overwhelmed by the great armies surrounding him, Napoleon lost by the end of the year what he had gained at the first.

The end came at Leipsic, where a great three days' battle was fought. The French army was crushed, Germany was lost, and Napoleon was forced to flee across the Rhine.

France was now at the feet of the enemy. The country which but a few years before had "blossomed like the rose," now lay desolate and barren. Men had gone out from the homes of France in search of glory and in defense of their country, only to find death or to return as helpless cripples. War in its awful greed had drained the fair land, leaving starvation and death where plenty had been. The crushed people moaned and cried out from their stricken homes that the hopeless, cruel struggle might end. But even with all Europe ready to march upon French ground, with a country back of him urging him to peace, with many of his brave generals insisting that defeat was sure, Napoleon would not agree to the terms offered by the allied countries.

The struggle began again in January, 1814, when Napoleon marched out of Paris at the head of 60,000 men, to meet an army of nearly 600,000. For two months he fought desperately and never more brilliantly. In spite of the great numbers

against him, in spite of disheartened generals and the hopeless terror and panic at Paris, he very nearly drove the allies from the country. But it was impossible, hampered as he was, to make any lasting impression on such great forces, ten times the number of his faithful little army, and the allies closed in steadily day after day about the Little Corporal.

One of the Old Guard.

On the thirtieth of March Paris surrendered, and the next day the French greeted the allies as they marched through the streets, with cries of "Long live the sovereigns! Long live the Emperor Alexander!"

Napoleon, who had brought them victory after victory, who had made France one of the foremost countries in the world, who had spared neither time, strength, nor energy in defense of his people, was now deserted; deserted by all except his army, who, still faithful to their Little Corporal, surrounded and protected him at Fontainebleau, while all over France the soldiers

who were not already with their general were making every effort to reach him.

But the men whom Napoleon had placed in positions of trust in the government, and in whom he had placed his greatest faith, had for months been plotting and waiting to rid themselves of the man whose power they envied and feared. The common people, whom Napoleon, knowing that a country's strength lay in this class, had made the greatest efforts to win, were worn out by the long struggle and cared for nothing except peace. They were told that peace could only come when Napoleon was out of the country; that so long as their fearless emperor, the man of iron will, of undaunted perseverance, of boundless ambition, was in France he would fight and his army with him. The common people listened and believed.

It only remained to win the army. Nowhere has Napoleon's attractive personality shown itself more strongly than here. The officers of his grand old army knew that peace should have been made long

ago; the welfare of the country demanded it, and the overwhelming forces of the enemy made it folly to continue the struggle. They knew that Napoleon had been the cause, the sole cause, of the hopeless war. Still had he not brought France, and the army of France, through nights of rebellion and great suffering to days of prosperity and glory? Should they turn against him now, when he stood alone? Every method of persuasion was brought to bear upon the faithful soldiers, but none proved successful until they were told that it was the will of their country that they should lay down their arms.

Finally one of Napoleon's oldest and most loyal generals deserted, and the army gave up the contest. Fearless, full of faith in himself and his army, Napoleon had kept heart until now. But now, defeated, deserted by all in whom he had placed his faith, surrounded by enemies, pushed to the wall with every hand against him, he lost courage and, sick at heart, attempted to end his life. But the poison he took

failed in its work; even death turned from him and left him to finish the struggle.

Alexander refused to treat for peace with Napoleon or any of his family. The last blow had fallen on the emperor. If peace was to be made he would have to give up the throne. On April 11, 1814, Napoleon signed the following document:

"The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte is the only obstacle to the reëstablishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces for himself and his heirs, the throne of France and Italy, and that there is no personal sacrifice, even that of his life, which he is not ready to make in the interest of France."

Even stripped of all power and support, it was not considered safe by the allies and the treacherous friends of Napoleon that he should remain in France, and at last it was decided that he should be sent to Elba, a little island lying between Corsica and the coast of Italy. After this decision was made

there remained nothing for Napoleon to do but say farewell to his soldiers at Fontainebleau. These men, still devoted to their commander, but believing that they were best serving their country by refusing to support him in carrying on the war, were overcome with emotion as Napoleon said:

After the painting by Horace Vernet

Napoleon bidding farewell to the Imperial Guard at Fontainebleau April 20, 1814.

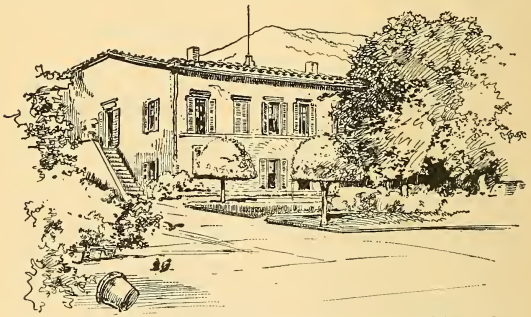
"Farewell, my children! I would clasp you all to my heart; let me at least kiss your flag!"

One of his bravest generals sprang for-

ward at these words and embraced the Little Corporal, while many veterans stood with the tears running down their cheeks as they thought of Lodi, of Marengo, of Austerlitz; of the man who had led them on to victory and fame, sharing their discomforts, inspiring, loving, trusting, sympathizing with them at all times and in all places, and who now stood before them ruined, deserted, exiled.

On the twentieth of April Napoleon left Fontainebleau for Elba. He had been appointed governor of the island, and no sooner was his future home and work decided upon than his gloomy mood disappeared. He immediately began planning his new life with as much energy as he had ever shown. If the people of France did not want him, the people of his new country did, and they received him with all the honor the little island could show. Although the welcome must have seemed small and mean compared with the grandeur of his past receptions in France, Napoleon accepted it as heartily as it was given.

It was not many days before the conqueror of nations was apparently as deeply absorbed in the affairs of Elba as he had been in those of France. Never had the little island thrived as it did under Napoleon's government. Improvements were begun everywhere and carried on rapidly,



The villa at Porto Ferrajo. Napoleon's residence while at the island of Elba.

with the new governor's attention given to every detail. The people flocked to him with their suggestions and petitions, and he listened to them all, while he advised and promised relief. The little army was drilled and disciplined with as much care as the grand army of France.

If Napoleon felt the littleness of his kingdom, if his life was a lonely one, he made no sign; but throughout his stay at Elba he kept stored away carefully a stock of fireworks, awaiting the coming of his wife and his little boy, the King of Rome, as he was called; they were never used, for his wife and child never came. His mother and sister Pauline came, however, and what brought the greatest joy to the heart of Napoleon was the company of twenty-six members of his old National Guard, who had left France to join their beloved general.

Chapter XII

A Hopeless Restoration

BUT while absorbed in his new country, news had reached Napoleon of discontent at Paris. The restored Bourbon king was not bringing the longed-for happiness and prosperity to the French. With the greatest secrecy Napoleon began planning to go back to Paris—back to the people who had turned against him, but whose hearts he felt were still his. So quietly did he make his preparations that the French were unaware of his intention until he landed at Cannes, on the southern coast of France, March 1, 1815.

Accompanied by only 800 of his veterans who had been with him at Elba, Napoleon began his march to Paris the night after he landed. The very daring and fearlessness that permitted the man, deserted and exiled by them, to thrust himself again in their midst, awakened all

the old-time enthusiasm and admiration of the French people for their emperor. Such faith in their good will could meet with but one response, and the whole south of France threw itself at the feet of Napoleon. Assured by their support the emperor now scattered broadcast the pamphlets he had prepared to recall his army:

"Come and range yourself under the standard of your chief; his existence is composed of yours; his interests, his honors, and his glory are yours. Victory will march at double-quick time. The eagle with the national colors will fly from steeple to steeple to the towers of Notre Dame. Then you will be able to show your scars with honor; then you will be able to boast of what you have done; you will be the liberators of your country."

And they came. Man by man, company by company, regiment by regiment. There was no withstanding the power, the faith of their bold general. At one place he found a battalion of his old soldiers

drawn up to oppose him. A messenger was sent to make terms with them. They would not listen. Without hesitation Napoleon marched straight before them, and, throwing up his hand, called·

"What, my friends; do you not know me? I am your emperor; if there be a soldier among you who will kill his emperor he may do it. Here I am!"

What answer could they make to the general who had bivouacked with them through summer and winter, who had shared with them his very food that they might not want?

"Long live the emperor!" burst from the throats of the loyal men, and, even as they shouted, out came, as if by magic, old soiled cockades of the tricolor, Napoleon's emblem. The white ones of the Bourbons vanished and the loved knots took their place.

Farther on a force was met whose general had promised the Bourbons to "bring back Napoleon in an iron cage." No sooner did the old veteran see his former

leader than he broke from the head of the lines, and rushing forward clasped Napoleon in his arms.

Napoleon had not counted too much on the love of the French. Their hearts were undoubtedly his and never had their devotion been shown so freely as at this time, when he came to them from exile and disgrace. It is no wonder that, when asked what was the happiest period of his life as emperor, he said:

"The march from Cannes to Paris."

So completely had he won the country, that the Bourbons fled as he neared Paris, and Napoleon reëntered that city amid the greatest rejoicing. But the one thing that would have brought Napoleon the deepest joy, and toward which he had been looking the most eagerly, was missing: that was the restoration of Marie

An Imperial Trooper.

Louise and the little King of Rome, who were with the Austrians. The disappointment grew all the greater as the days passed and the emperor found that his wife had promised never to see him again.

It was not long before the opposing party, which had been cowed into temporary subjection by the overwhelming triumph of Napoleon's return, raised its head again. At the same time the allies, in spite of Napoleon's promise to abide by the treaty of peace which had been made while he was at Elba, gathered their vast armies together and marched to crush the man whose mere presence was enough to draw army and people to his standard, strong in their renewed allegiance.

In three months, Napoleon, with all his old-time swiftness and in face of the greatest difficulties, collected an army of 200,000 men. The allies had 500,000. Even against such odds as these Napoleon held his own for a time, but it could not last long.

The end came in June when the French met a part of the enemy near Brussels.

After two days of hard fighting Napoleon reached Waterloo, where the great English general, Wellington, was drawn up to receive him. Napoleon, who had stood the long, hard campaigns of previous years, whose endurance was a wonder to all who knew him, was worn out and not himself. And for some reason the general who had never before failed to know the exact location of every part of the enemy's force, was surprised by the strong reinforcements the allies received when least expected.

With the superior numbers of the enemy and with such unexpected weakness on the part of their hitherto unconquerable commander, there could be but one result for the French. They were defeated, and so completely that even Napoleon accepted the bitter truth — his star had set forever.

"I ought to have died at Waterloo," he afterward told a friend, "but the misfortune is that when a man most seeks death he cannot find it. Men were killed around me, before, behind, everywhere; but there was no bullet for me."

After the battle of Waterloo Napoleon returned at once to Paris. He realized that it was useless to continue the struggle. There was continued plotting against him in Paris, and the allies declared that so long as Napoleon was emperor they would not cease to wage war against the exhausted country. Napoleon had already given to the French the best years of his life; he had worked as no man ever worked before or since for the improvement of France, and had brought to his adopted country more glory in his short reign of ten years than any ruler in all French history.

There remained but one thing more for him to do, if peace was to come to his people. He must again step down from his throne, and not only that, but he must leave sunny France, his home, and his people forever. He again signed the act of abdication and left Paris for Malmaison, which had been Josephine's home. Here a few friends helped him to plan for the future.

Napoleon soon discovered that he would

not be allowed to remain in France, so great was the fear of his influence. With all the European nations leagued against him, there remained but one country toward which he could turn for a refuge. That country was America.

As soon as it was known that he wished to escape to the United States he received numerous offers of help from Americans who greatly admired the brave Napoleon. One plan was suggested by a rich merchant by which Napoleon was to hide in a hogshead on board an American ship, and remain there until well out to sea. But this arrangement could only include Napoleon; his few faithful friends would be left in France. To this he would not consent and the plan was abandoned.

A few days after leaving Paris, Napoleon tried to reach the French coast, hoping to find there some American ship that would carry himself and friends to the United States, but he found the coast so guarded by the English that he gave up all hope of escape.

Napoleon now determined on a course which was characteristic of his fearless disposition: he would place himself in the hands of his greatest enemy, England. As soon as this resolve was made he wrote the following note to the English ruler:

> "ROYAL HIGHNESS: Exposed to the factions which divide my country and to the hostility of the greatest powers of Europe, I have closed my political career. I have come like Theristocles, to seek the hospitality of the British nation. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.
>
> "NAPOLEON."

Napoleon once said, in speaking of prisoners of war:

"It is atrocious to insult brave men to whom the fate of arms has proved unfavorable."

Believing in this principle, as he did, it was not strange that Napoleon should trust

himself to his greatest enemy. But England proved most unworthy of the trust and showed a want of generosity and an ignobleness which can be explained in only one way—the fear of Napoleon's power and ambitions which had thrown Europe into such suffering and danger through his reign.

The Emperor left France on the English ship "Bellerophon," the fifteenth of July, and was taken to Plymouth, England. No sooner had he reached that harbor than all his ideas of British hospitality were changed. The "Bellerophon" was immediately surrounded by armed ships, every precaution was taken to prevent escape, and Napoleon was treated as a common prisoner, while the British discussed what should be done with him. The man who had held all Europe at bay for years, who had proved himself an enemy worthy of the greatest respect, was now in their power. And what had brought him there? Surely not the careful study, by night and by day, in the far

away years at the school of Paris where his military soul had been shocked by the neglect of duties which he saw there. Neither can the cause be found in the long struggle which marked his early life as a soldier, when poverty at home led to sacrifice that brought on him hunger and disease. Perseverance, hard work, and genius brought him to success through those months of suffering. With the coming of that success, however, can be seen his forgetfulness of other's troubles, the development of an overpowering ambition, and the never-ceasing cry for new conquests. Each country that fell beneath his conquering army only added to his desire for greater power. That desire could be gratified in but one way — by war whose deadly evil laid waste the countries of Europe, filled the homes of all France with sorrow and want, and finally aroused the mighty rulers of the world to a knowledge of the peril which Napoleon was pushing upon them. The result was that the man who had brought

fame and prosperity to France saw it reduced to poverty and famine and prostrate before a conquering army, and himself, once the ruler of nations, a prisoner of war with all his greatness in ruin behind him.

Chapter XIII

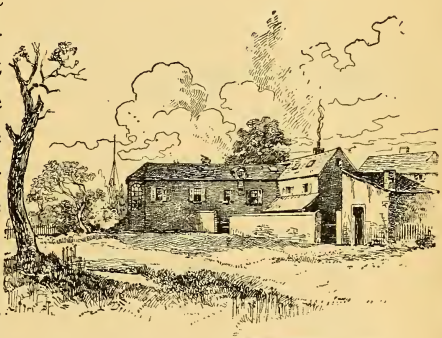
The Famous Prisoner of St. Helena

WHAT should they do with him? Where could they place him so that his influence and power would be rendered useless? Place after place was discussed and at last St. Helena, an island in the mid-Atlantic, over a thousand miles distant from the coast of Africa, was chosen.

On the thirtieth of July Napoleon received a note telling him of the decision, and that three people would be allowed to accompany him. Humiliated and enraged by the restrictions which were placed upon his actions, Napoleon received this note with the greatest indignation, but he was helpless. Only one escape remained, and that was death. For a short time he seriously considered taking his life as the easiest way to solve his difficulties. He gave it up, however, saying:

"A man ought to live out his destiny; I will fulfill mine."

Napoleon was only forty-six years old when he landed on the rocky, barren island where he was to pass the remainder of his life. Longwood, his new home, was situated on a plain, 1,800 feet above the sea, and was one of the gloomiest, loneliest spots on the island. The house consisted of only five rooms when Napoleon came, all built on one floor, and without respect to comfort or convenience. It had to be improved before the exiled emperor could live in it, but even after weeks of work had been put on it, the place was anything but comfortable. There were a few gumwood trees scattered over



From an etching by Chienon

Longwood, Napoleon's residence at St. Helena.

the plain, but the greatest part of it was without shade, exposed to the fierce heat of the sun and cutting sea winds.

As soon as Napoleon took up his residence at Longwood, a guard was placed at the entrance, 600 feet from the house, and sentinels surrounded the grounds. After nine o'clock Napoleon was not allowed to leave the house, and these guards were drawn closer. Every landing on the island was guarded, and sentinels were placed on the goat paths which led to the sea. No foreign vessel was permitted to anchor unless disabled or in great need, and then no one of the crew or passengers was allowed to come on shore. Even the fishing boats of the island were numbered and made to report their goings and coming, and two great British warships sailed back and forth, back and forth, day after day on either side of the little island. All this was done to prevent the escape of one man from an island which in itself was so constructed by nature as to have made such an escape next to impossible.

The governor of St. Helena, Sir Hudson Lowe, was a man who took delight in humiliating those under him. With a prisoner in his charge, who was feared and dreaded by all Europe, this man forgot the dignity of his office and treated Napoleon with a petty tyranny beyond the comprehension of all generous-hearted people.

At Longwood, St. Helena, 1816, "Napoleon."

Napoleon, enraged by the governor's manner, took the greatest dislike to him and refused to see him. This refusal was a blow to the conceit of Sir Hudson Lowe, and he never forgave Napoleon for it. He increased the restrictions on the exiled emperor's freedom until life was almost unbearable. Not a letter or paper was allowed to go into the hands of Napoleon without having first been opened and examined; all news of his wife and child was kept from him; even a small statue of the little King of Rome that had been sent

his exiled father was kept for weeks before Napoleon received it. At last the islanders were forbidden to hold any communication with the prisoner, and his physician was called to account for talking about anything except his patient's health.

So closely was Napoleon guarded on his daily rides that he finally gave up going out. His health, which had begun to break before he left France, was now miserable, and the unhealthful, damp climate and lack of exercise added greatly to his suffering. But for a man who had led the busy, active life that he had, the greatest trouble to face in his new home was the lack of employment. It was impossible for him to be idle, and he resolutely began the task of filling the long, empty days with some occupation. He wrote essays on Cæsar, Turenne, and Frederick the Great; composed a clear, concise History of the Republic of France; studied English and related story after story of his past life to his companions, who afterward wrote them down and prepared them for the public.

For five years and a half Napoleon worked and suffered, each month, each day increasing his weakness and bringing the assurance that the death for which he longed was not far distant. His sister Eliza died late in the year 1820. When the news was brought to him he said:

"You see, Eliza has just shown me the way. Death, which had forgotten my

Dreaming and longing for home. Napoleon exiled at St. Helena walking along the bluff with his gaze toward his beloved France.

family, has begun to strike it. My time cannot be far off."

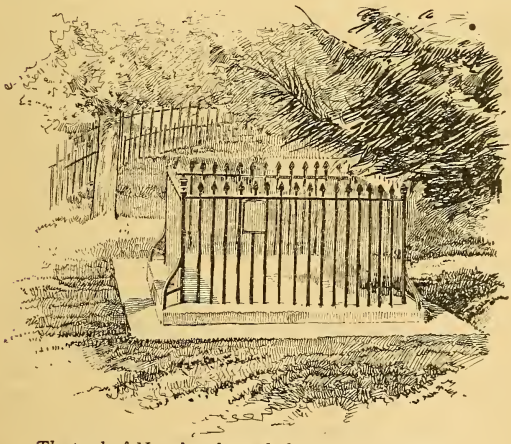
The same courage, carefulness of detail, and thoughtfulness for others that had characterized Napoleon's life, marked his preparations for death. For two weeks before he died he was at work, whenever his strength would permit, planning and dictating his wishes, so that nothing should be left undone at the last. All of his personal possessions at St. Helena were marked with the names of those who were to have them when he should need them no more. No one who had served him or been his friend was forgotten. To the soldiers of the grand army he left half of his personal fortune, to be divided according

The bed on which Napoleon died at St. Helena.

to their rank and service; large amounts to be used in improvements were left to different provinces in France. Of the foreigners who worked about Longwood he said:

"Do not let them be forgotten. See that they get a few score of napoleons."

Surrounded by only the few faithful friends who had shared his exile, separated by thousands of miles from his home and those of his own blood, the great man died May 5, 1821. They buried him near



The tomb of Napoleon beneath the trees at St. Helena.

a shaded spring in a valley of the lonely island; one of the few spots that he loved in his exile home.

The sentinels could be withdrawn; the fishing vessels could sail in and out as they pleased; the two great British men-of-war could sail slowly back to England; the European nations could draw a long breath of relief; the grand old army of France could weep—the Little Corporal was dead.

Chapter XXIV

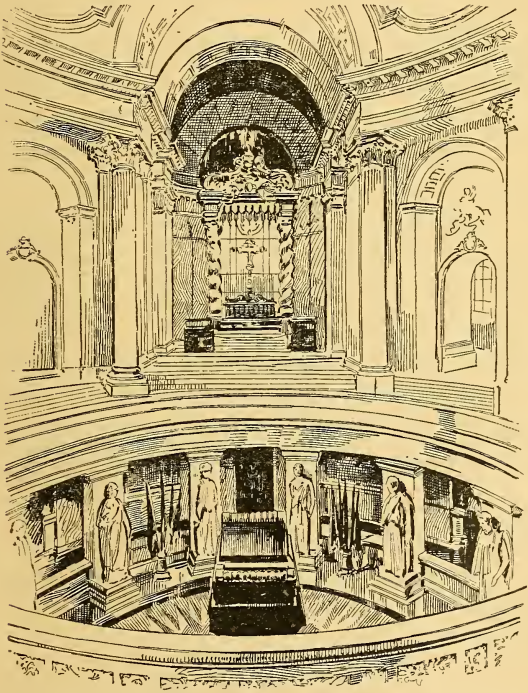
Conclusion

NINETEEN years had passed since the death of Napoleon. It was a bitter cold day in December, 1840, but the streets of Paris had been packed since early morning. For months the people had been waiting for this day, and now, as they watched, a brilliant group of guards came down the street. They were greeted with but little interest; infantry, cavalry, artillery passed in the same manner; then came a magnificent horse and the great crowd gave a wild cheer. The horse was the counterpart of Marengo, Napoleon's old battle horse. Following Marengo were the great officers of France, and after them, closing the three-mile procession, came sixteen beautiful black horses drawing a great funeral car. A wave of genuine emotion, of grief and reverence, swept the multitude. Napoleon had come back to his own.

Six months before the French Minister of War had astonished the French Chamber of Deputies by asking for an appropriation to bring back the remains of Napoleon, and erect a tomb which should be worthy of the general's greatness. Before he could finish his speech the great building shook with applause. Every feeling against the exiled emperor was swept away by that enthusiastic cheer. The whole gathering was again under the magic influence of Napoleon. For over an hour the great lawmakers of France forgot all order, and cheered, shouted, and talked excitedly. When the news swept through the country, the people of France received it with the same wild enthusiasm. Napoleon had never been forgotten; he had held his place in the hearts of his people through all the years.

A magnificent tomb had been erected in the church of the Hotel des Invalides, and a great multitude had crowded the vast building all that December day, awaiting the coming of the procession. It was two

o'clock in the afternoon before the chanting of the white-clad priests and choir boys announced the arrival of the funeral car.



The permanent tomb in France. Interior of the Hotel des Invalides, Paris, where Napoleon was buried.

The deepest silence held the multitude as the king, Louis Philippe, stepped down from his throne to meet the little group of officials who stood before him with the coffin of Napoleon. After a short ceremony the king took the sword of Austerlitz which an official handed him and presented it to one of Napoleon's old generals, saying:

"General, I commission you to place the emperor's glorious sword on the bier."

Amid the silence, which was broken only by the stifled sobs of some old gray-haired soldiers who had fought under the Little Corporal, the general placed the sword reverently on Napoleon's coffin. Surrounded with emblems of his past glory, guarded by his old soldiers and the people of his loved France, Napoleon slept at last where he most wished to sleep, for he had said when dying alone and in exile:

"Bury me on the banks of the Seine among the people whom I so loved."

A Chronology of the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte

This table is reprinted in part, by permission, from Ida M. Tarbell s "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

AGE	DATE	EVENT
..	1769	*August 15*, Napoleon born at Ajaccio, in Corsica.
9	1778	*December 15*, Napoleon embarks for France with his father.
9	1779	*January 1*, Napoleon enters the College of Autun.
9	1779	*April 25*, Napoleon enters the Royal Military School of Brienne.
15	1784	*October 23*, Napoleon enters the Royal Military School of Paris.
16	1785	*September 1*, Napoleon appointed Second Lieutenant in the artillery Regiment de la Fère.
16	1785	*October 29*, Napoleon leaves the Military School of Paris.
17	1787	*February 1 to October 14*, Napoleon on leave to Corsica.
21	1791	*June 2*, Napoleon joins the Fourth Regiment of Artillery at Valence as First Lieutenant.

AGE	DATE	EVENT
22	1791	*August 30*, Napoleon starts for Corsica on leave for three months; leaves Corsica *May 2, 1792*, for France, where he has been dismissed for absence without leave.
23	1792	*August 30*, Napoleon reinstated.
23	1792	*September 14 to June 11, 1793*, Napoleon in Corsica engaged in revolutionary attempts; having declared against Paoli, he and his family have to leave Corsica.
24	1793	*October 9 to December 19*, Napoleon placed in command of part of artillery of army of Carteaux before Toulon; Toulon taken *December 19*.
24	1793	*February 16*, Napoleon receives his commission as General of Brigade.
24	1794	*August 6 to August 20*, Napoleon in prison after fall of Robespierre.
25	1794	*September 14 to March 29, 1795*, Napoleon commanding artillery of an intended maritime expedition to Corsica.
25	1795	*May 10*, Napoleon arrives in Paris as commander of artillery of the army in La Vendée.
26	1795	*October 5* (13th Vendémiaire, Jour des Sections), Napoleon defends the Convention from the revolt of the Sections.
26	1795	*October 16*, Napoleon appointed provisionally General of Division.

AGE	DATE	EVENT
26	1795	*October 26*, Napoleon appointed General of Division and Commander of the Army of the Interior (Paris).
26	1796	*March 2*, Napoleon appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy.
26	1796	*March 9*, Marries Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie.
26	1796	*March 11*, Leaves Paris for Italy.
26 to 28	1796 to 1797	First Italian campaign of Napoleon against the Austrians and Sardinians. Battles: Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, Mondovi, Lodi, Mantua, Lonato, Castiglione, Wurmser, Arcola, etc.; Treaty of Campo Formio between France and Austria, *October 17, 1797*.
28	1798	Egyptian expedition. Napoleon takes Malta, Alexandria, and Cairo. Battles of the Pyramids, Nile, and Acre, etc.
30	1799	Napoleon returns from Egypt, landing in Frejus *October 6*.
30	1799	*November 9*, Napoleon seizes the government of France.
30	1799	*December 25*, Napoleon made First Consul.
30	1800	*May and June*, Marengo campaign.
31	1800	*December 24*, Attempted assassination of Napoleon by infernal machine.
31	1801	*July 15*, Concordat with Rome.
32	1802	*January 26*, Napoleon Vice-President of the Italian Republic.

AGE	DATE	EVENT
32	1802	*March 27*, Treaty of Amiens between France and England.
32	1802	*August 4*, Napoleon made First Consul for life.
33	1803	War between France and England.
33	1803	*March 5*, Civil Code (later, Code Napoleon) decreed.
34–5	1804	*May 18*, Napoleon made Emperor of France; crowned *December 2*.
36	1805	Ulm campaign.
36	1805	*October 21*, Battle of Trafalgar.
36	1805	*December 2*, Defeated Russians and Austrians at Austerlitz.
36	1806	*July 1*, Confederation of the Rhine formed, with Napoleon as the protector.
37	1807	Jena campaign with Prussia; battle of Friedland *June 14*.
37	1807	*July 7*, Treaty of Tilsit.
39	1808	War with Spain.
39	1809	War with Austria. Battle of Wagram, *July 6*.
40	1809	*October 14*, Treaty of Vienna.
40	1809	*December 15*, Josephine divorced.
40	1810	*April 1*, Marriage of Napoleon to Marie Louise, aged 18 years 3 months.
41	1810	*December 13*, Hanseatic towns and all northern coast of Germany annexed to the French Empire.
41	1811	*March 20*, King of Rome, son of Napoleon, born.

AGE	DATE	EVENT
42–3	1812	War with Russia; battle of Moskwa or Borodino; Napoleon enters Moscow *September 15;* retreats *October 19.*
43–4	1813	Leipsic campaign against the Russians and Prussians; battles: Lutzen and Bautzen; Austria joins the allies; battle of Dresden; *October 19*, Napoleon is defeated at Leipsic.
44	1814	Allies invade France; battles of Montmirail, Craon, etc.; Paris falls *March 30.*
44	1814	*April 2*, The French Senate dethrones Napoleon; *April 6*, Napoleon abdicates unconditionally; signs the treaty giving him Elba for life; *April 20*, Napoleon takes leave of the Guard at Fontainebleau; *May 3*, Louis XVIII. enters Paris; *May 4*, Napoleon lands at Elba.
45	1815	*February 26*, Napoleon leaves Elba for France; *March 1*, lands at Cannes; *March 19*, Louis XVIII. leaves Paris; *March 20*, Napoleon enters Paris.
45	1815	*June 16*, Battle of Ligny and Quatre Bras; *June 18*, battle of Waterloo.
45–6	1815	*July 15*, Napoleon surrenders to the English; *August 8*, sails for St. Helena; *October 15*, arrives at St. Helena.
51yrs 8 mos.	1821	*May 5*, Napoleon dies, 5.45 P. M.; *May 8*, buried at St. Helena.
.	1840	*October 15*, Body of Napoleon taken to France; *December 15*, buried in Hotel des Invalides.

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